THE

# Edinburgh Magazine,

or

# LITERARY MISCELLANY.

VOL. XVI.

NEW SERIES.

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem*
*Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*
*Virg.*

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RUINS of DUNBAR CASTLE.

THE

# EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

# *LITERARY MISCELLANY,*

FOR *JULY* 1800.

*With a View of* DUNBAR CASTLE.

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RUINS of DUNBAR CASTLE.

State of the BAROMETER, in inches and decimals, and of Farenheit's THERMOMETER in the open air, taken in the morning before sun-rise, and at noon; and the quantity of rain-water fallen in inches and decimals, from June 27. to July 25. 1800 in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

| 1800. | Barom. | Thermom. | | Rain. | Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| June | | M | N. | In. Pts. | |
| 27 | 29.9 | 52 | 62 | — | Clear |
| 28 | 30.301 | 51 | 62 | — | Ditto |
| 29 | 30. | 51 | 76 | — | Ditto |
| 30 | 29.951 | 52 | 73 | 0.05 | Rain |
| July 1 | 30. | 51 | 74 | 0.111 | Ditto |
| 2 | 29.9 | 51 | 63 | — | Cloudy |
| 3 | 29.451 | 53 | 63 | — | Cloudy |
| 4 | 29.452 | 54 | 63 | 0.05 | Rain |
| 5 | 29.4981 | 51 | 62 | — | Clear |
| 6 | 29.555 | 55 | 61 | 0.02 | Showers |
| 7 | 29.55 | 57 | 63 | 0.02 | Ditto |
| 8 | 29.51 | 51 | 63 | — | Cloudy |
| 9 | 29.612 | 53 | 58 | — | Ditto |
| 10 | 29 851 | 51 | 63 | — | Ditto |
| 11 | 29.791 | 54 | 62 | — | Clear |
| 12 | 29.79 | 54 | 60 | — | Ditto |
| 13 | 29.945 | 50 | 74 | — | Ditto |
| 14 | 29.9 | 50 | 73 | — | Ditto |
| 15 | 30. | 55 | 65 | — | Ditto |
| 16 | 30. | 56 | 74 | — | Ditto |
| 17 | 39.021 | 56 | 73 | — | Ditto |
| 18 | 30. 042 | 52 | 75 | — | Ditto |
| 19 | 30. | 52 | 61 | — | Ditto |
| 20 | 29.925 | 54 | 78 | — | Ditto |
| 21 | 29.865 | 54 | 64 | — | Ditto |
| 22 | 29.95 | 55 | 72 | — | Ditto |
| 23 | 30.03 | 59 | 76 | — | Ditto |
| 24 | 30.2 | 60 | 83 | — | Ditto |
| 25 | 30.235 | 67 | 73 | — | Cloudy |

Quantity of Rain 0.251

High Water at LEITH for AUGUST 1800.

| | | Morn. | Even. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Days.* | | H. M. | H. M. |
| Fr. | 1. | 10 47 | 11 19 |
| Sa. | 2. | 11 49 | — |
| Su. | 3. | 0 22 | 0 56 |
| M. | 4. | 1 26 | 1 57 |
| T. | 5. | 2 25 | 2 53 |
| W. | 6. | 3 18 | 3 41 |
| Th. | 7. | 4 7 | 4 30 |
| Fr. | 8. | 4 52 | 5 14 |
| Sa. | 9. | 5 39 | 5 57 |
| Su. | 10. | 6 18 | 6 38 |
| M. | 11. | 6 57 | 7 19 |
| T. | 12. | 7 40 | 8 2 |
| W. | 13. | 8 27 | 8 42 |
| Th. | 14. | 9 17 | 9 43 |
| Fr. | 15. | 10 10 | 10 35 |
| Sa. | 16. | 11 4 | 11 30 |
| Su. | 17. | 11 57 | — |
| M. | 18. | 0 25 | 0 50 |
| T. | 19. | 1 12 | 1 39 |
| W. | 20. | 2 2 | 2 25 |
| Th. | 21. | 2 49 | 3 14 |
| Fr. | 22. | 3 39 | 4 1 |
| Sa. | 23. | 4 23 | 4 45 |
| Su. | 24. | 5 6 | 5 29 |
| M. | 25. | 5 53 | 6 17 |
| T. | 26. | 6 46 | 7 11 |
| W. | 27. | 7 41 | 8 10 |
| Th. | 28. | 8 39 | 9 9 |
| Fr. | 29. | 9 40 | 10 13 |
| Sa. | 30. | 10 44 | 11 17 |
| Su. | 31. | 11 45 | — |

MOON.

| | D. | H. | M. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Full Moon | 4. | 10 | 25 | Even. |
| Laſt Qrtr. | 12. | 8 | 28 | Morn. |
| N. Moon | 20. | 10 | 3 | Morn. |
| Firſt Qrtr. | 26. | 11 | 48 | Even. |

## DESCRIPTION OF THE VIEW.

THE venerable ruins of Dunbar Caſtle are juſtly eſteemed a remarkable piece of antiquity. There is no hiſtory nor tradition to fix the date of this building. It was beſieged, and bravely defended in 1336, when under the government of a lady called *Black Agnes of Dunbar*, wife of Patrick Earl of March, and ſiſter of Randolph Earl of Murray. In abſence of her huſband, this manly heroine, by her military courage, forced Lord Montague to raiſe the ſiege, and leave the country. King Edward II. of England, eſcaped to this caſtle, after the battle of Bannockburn, and thence fled to Berwick in a fiſherman's boat. To this caſtle Earl Bothwell fled, and left the unfortunate Queen Mary in the hands of the aſſociated Lords at Carberryhill. It was taken afterwards from Bothwell's dependents by the Earl of Murray, the Regent of Scotland, and demoliſhed, and the artillery carried to Edinburgh by order of the Parliament. It has been large, and built on ſeveral rocks within the ſea mark.

THE

# EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

# LITERARY MISCELLANY,

FOR *JULY* 1800.

## AN ACCOUNT OF HUGH BOYD, ESQ.

THE perſon whoſe life we now preſent to our readers was one who, with good though not brilliant talents, paſſed through life with the cenſure of the wiſe and the compaſſion of the good. He was eccentric and benevolent, extravagant and humane; one who wanted prudence more than virtue, but whoſe conduct verified the remark of Johnſon, "that thoſe who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ſhall be reminded, that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." He had paſſed quietly "to the country from whoſe bourne no traveller returns," and was nearly forgotten, when a conjecture, aſcribing to him ſome political papers of great celebrity in their day, ill founded we conceive, and ſupported by vague and inconcluſive evidence, brought him again into notice, and occaſioned a minute inveſtigation of the circumſtances of his life*. Theſe, diveſted of controverſy, we propoſe to preſent to our readers.

HUGH BOYD was the ſon of Alexander Macauley, Eſq. M. P. for Thomaſton, in Ireland, and the intimate friend of Dean Swift. He was born in Ship-ſtreet, Dublin, the 16th day of April 1746, a day memorable in our annals for the deciſive battle of Culloden field. His father was extremely attentive to the education of his children, and this his ſon uſed to ſay, that he was put very young to ſchool, and ſoon became much attached to books; but the Metamorphoſis of Ovid firſt ſtruck his attention, and beſt amuſed his infancy. He felt no ambition to diſplay his premature ſcholarſhip by making Latin verſes; nor did he copy the example of Pope, in trying to gratify his father by compoſing Engliſh rhymes. But it is a fact which has been thought important to ſtate, that his father, who laboured anxiouſly his education, and fondly ſaw in his budding parts the promiſe of a copious harveſt, ſometimes cenſured his ſon's proſe for being too poetical, and preſcribed as a model to him the chaſte ſtyle of Swift and Addiſon, that he might learn (to uſe the old man's own words) to combine the ſtrength and preciſion of the one with the ſimplicity and eaſy elegance of the other. The ſeeds, however, of poetic imagery, which nature had ſcattered in our author's mind, never ripened into a harveſt of poetry. He was educated at the ſchool of the Rev. William Ball, in Ship-ſtreet before-mentioned, a ſchool, which among other diſtinguiſhed ſcholars and characters, ſent forth Lord Clare and Henry Grattan, who being nearly of the ſame age, were of the ſame claſs with our author,



* By Mr Laurence Dundas Campbell.

and yet remained a year behind him in Ship-ſtreet.

The ſtep from the ſchool to the college forms an important epoch in the biography of youth. Our ſtudent was received as a fellow-commoner into the Univerſity of Dublin by the name of Hugh Macauley, on the 8th of July 1761. Here he is ſaid by his biographer to have purſued his favourite ſtudies with aſſiduity and delight. He certainly acquitted himſelf with credit. He obtained his Batchelor of Arts degree in 1765. He thus continued long enough in Trinity College to be highly cultivated, and to poſſeſs conſiderable talents. He could not well be otherwiſe from his natural endowments. He had a memory of ſingular ſtrength; he had an apprehenſion of great readineſs; an intellect of uncommon ſolidity; and beſides all thoſe faculties, he enjoyed a wonderful dexterity in applying them to every purpoſe. The characteriſtic preciſion with which he carried off the ſpeeches of the greateſt orators, is alone a ſatisfactory proof, that he enjoyed all thoſe powers in a high degree: and it is a ſtrong confirmation of this reaſoning, that he was a good cheſs player, and made a ſtand againſt Count Bruhl.

Like other young men of powerful minds and irregular practices, he remained for ſome time in ſuſpence about the choice of his profeſſion. He inclined for a while to prefer the ſword to the gown; as his eldeſt brother Alexander had already entered himſelf of the Temple. After ſome conſideration, he determined however, from the propenſities of his habit, to follow the profeſſion of his father. In the meantime Hugh Macauley, owing to his paſſion for play, and diſſipation, became involved in great pecuniary difficulties at the age of nineteen (1765.)

With all thoſe embarraſſments, practices, and habits, he came to London, before the deceaſe of his father, on the 13th of July 1766, in order to proſecute the ſtudy of the law. But the propenſities of our ſtudent carried him as often to St Stephen's Chapel as to Weſtminſter Hall. He uſed frequently to retire from a long debate to the Grecian Coffee-houſe, where he met his fellow Templars, and would ſometimes aſtoniſh them by a ſeemingly perfect recital of the *chef d'œuvre* of the night. He is at this time deſcribed by another lawyer who knew him perſonally, "as a good natured lively man, famous for repeating parliamentary ſpeeches, and always buſtling about ſomething or another." As to his politics, Macauley, partly from the place of his birth, partly from the example of his father, partly from his natural temperament, and partly from the factiouſneſs of the times, was an anarchiſt, if we may conſider his avowed writings, as preferable proofs to private prejudice: as a *Whig*, he was *Whigiſſimus*; not an old Whig, but a new Whig, who exerted great activity in promoting "the good Old Cauſe." If from the Whig we throw a retroſpective glance upon the letters of the Freeholder to the Electors of Antrim in 1776, we ſhall perceive that he then maintained revolutionary doctrines in order to influence an election. If from theſe letters we take another retroſpect of ten years, we ſhall eaſily diſcover the political principles which Macauley brought with him from the noiſy ſcene of Dr Lucas at Dublin to the more ample theatre of Wilkes and Liberty at London.

Hugh Macauley was naturally recommended to the care of Mr James Adair, an Iriſh factor in the city, the father of the late Serjeant, and his own relation, in whoſe houſe he for a while became domeſticated. The genteel addreſs, and inſinuating manners of Macauley eaſily introduced him into faſhionable life and literary

literary ſociety. He became intimate with Mr Richard Burke, whoſe principles and habits are ſaid to have been ſimilar to his own. He gained ready admiſſion into the families of Mr Edmund Burke and of Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He obtained the familiarity of Garrick. He became acquainted with many of the members of the Literary Club. And becoming a man of the town, he incidentally became all things to all men.

But whatever a man's friendſhips and occupations may be, the principal epoch of his life is his marriage. From Hugh Macauley's connections in the city he probably became acquainted with Miſs Frances Morphy, a lady of elegance and of ſome fortune, who lived with her mother, at Lodgings in Muſcovy-court, Tower-hill: and her he married, on the 29th of December 1767, when he was yet under two and twenty; and ſhe was ſtill younger. The mother and the daughter poſſeſſed between them about ſeven thouſand pounds ſterling, which conſiſted in Negroes and other property in Jamaica. His mother's father is ſaid to have died in 1765.

Our author was how to maintain a family as well as he could by whatever means. Towards the latter end of the year 1768 we are told that he began to be extremely ſedulous in collecting political information of every kind, and being in habits of confidential intimacy with the late Mr Laughlin Maclaine, as well as ſome other political characters, from whom he was enabled to obtain very early and accurate political intelligence of all miniſterial proceedings. His attention to the dictates of prudence had been very ſlight, and from diſtreſſed circumſtances he found himſelf no longer able to live in London. The place of his retirement was Raſton-Green, near Harrow. In this retreat he found leiſure to regret the paſt and to provide for the future. From that place he uſed frequently to walk to town and to return the ſame day; for the purpoſe, no doubt, of providing for his family, and of collecting intelligence.

Diſtreſs is ſeldom ſtationary, and our author returned with his family to London probably in 1775. At this epoch of his life, he engaged in a very arduous taſk, when he undertook to perſuade the world that Robert and Daniel Perreau were innocent of the felonious charge of forging the bond of William Adair, with deſign to defraud Robert and Henry Drummond. The forgery was detected in March 1775: bills of indictment were found againſt them on the 25th of April. They were tried not long after; when Robert Perreau read a defence of uncommon art and ability, elegance and pathos, which very much affected thoſe who were nevertheleſs conſtrained by the evidence to find him guilty. Daniel Perreau was alſo found guilty.—Notwithſtanding every endeavour to ſave them, they were both executed on the 17th of January 1776.

After the fate of theſe men was decided, our author appeared in the North of Ireland. Whatever motive carried him thither, his attention was at once drawn to it, by the ſound of an election for the county of Antrim, in purſuance of the parliamentary limitation for which his father had written. Aſſuming the familiar appellation of a Freeholder, he addreſſed a dozen letters to the independent electors of Antrim; in order to gain their votes for "*a conſtitutional candidate.*" It was one James Wilſon, an obſcure adventurer; and theſe letters are ſaid to have contributed to the raiſing that wild clamour, which carried Wilſon's election by an enthuſiaſtic blaſt of momentary madneſs. Thoſe who favour the notion of our author being the writer of the letters ſigned JUNIUS,

ſupport

ſupport their opinion by reſemblances between the two performances. They ſhould have ſhewn that he wrote like Junius before the year 1770.

From Belfaſt our patriotic freeholder went to Dublin, where he was called to the Bar in Eaſter Term 1776. His embarraſſments forced him to put on the gown, while his diſſipation induced him to caſt it off as an incumbrance to his purſuits: and he ſoon returned to London, which had attractions for him that were too powerful for his intereſt and too ſeductive for his happineſs. "We have," ſays the author from whom the chief facts of this account are taken, "in Macauley Boyd, the example of a man, who, with every material quality in him of a great lawyer, facility of apprehenſion, ſtrength of intellect, retentiveneſs of memory, confidence of addreſs, could only buſy himſelf in writing anarchical eſſays, although he was goaded by diſtreſs, and aſſailed by the cries of a family."

From Dublin it may be preſumed he returned to his old haunts and habits in London. How he was employed during the years 1777 and 1778 is unknown. But it is certain he began to write a ſeditious paper in 1779 and ended in March 1780. The London Courant was the vehicle of thoſe papers, which were entitled *The Whig*. In theſe papers alſo the ſtyle of Junius is ſuppoſed to be found, but at this period many imitators of that writer had appeared in the diurnal journals. No concluſion therefore can be drawn from ſuch reſemblances.

At length a new proſpect opened on Macauley Boyd, who now turned his eyes and his efforts from the ſeditiouſneſs of the Weſt to the opulence of the Eaſt. By the influence of Mr Lawrence Sullivan, who ſo often filled the chair at the India Houſe, our author was allowed to go to Madras in Lord Macartney's ſuite, although not as a covenanted ſervant. Amidſt his preparations for departure, he is ſaid to have deſtroyed all his political papers.

He arrived at Madras early in 1781. He now devoted his leiſure hours very aſſiduouſly to the ſtudy of Oriental politics. The time ſoon arrived when his talents of inſinuation and addreſs, and knowledge of Oriental politics, were brought into action. In January 1782 he arrived with Sir Edward Hughes on board the Superbe on the expedition againſt Trincomalee. The fort was hardly taken when he was diſpatched on an embaſſy to the King of Candy; a narrative of which is printed in his works lately publiſhed. He was not ſucceſsful as a negotiator. At the end of two months he returned to Trincomalee, where he unluckily hired a ſmall veſſel to carry him to Madras. He was taken by the French, and carried to the Mauritius; from which place he was ſent to the Iſle of Bourbon. Here his captivity was alleviated by the hoſpitality of the Governor; and, after a while, he was, by the liberality of the ſame officer, allowed to return on his parole to Madras. He now thought that his ſervices and misfortunes entitled him to ſome employment which might compenſate him for both: he ſolicited Lord Macartney for an office, but his Lordſhip having none at his immediate diſpoſal, our Author went for a few months to Calcutta, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Sir John Macpherſon, then Governor of Bengal.

His ſtay at Calcutta was ſhorter than he intended. Being appointed, jointly with Mr Corbett, Maſter Intendant at Madras, an office of ſome profit but of little dignity, and which required his perſonal attendance where it was to be executed, he was therefore recalled to that preſidency. The duties of this office were neither congenial to the delicacy of his mind,

nor

nor his habits of life; but as the emoluments were great, he reſolved to ſacrifice a little ſenſibility for the proſpect of ultimate wealth. His old habits in the mean time induced him to return to his early practices; and, during the Myſore war, he conducted a newſpaper, entitled *The Courier*.

It was in June 1793 that he firſt conceived the idea of publiſhing periodical eſſays, and in Auguſt firſt made known to the public his plan for the *Indian Obſerver*, which he reſolved to publiſh through the commodious channel of a weekly newſpaper. The firſt number, which was entitled *The Hircarrah*, appeared on the 9th of September 1793. From theſe eſſays he appears to have been honoured with the ſanction of the higher powers, and favoured with the indulgence of the Indian public. The Indian Obſerver went the length of fifty-three numbers, and was cloſed on the 16th of September 1794. Though our author had engaged that his paper ſhould not mix in political queſtions, his propenſity to the diſcuſſions on thoſe ſubjects began to appear about the concluſion of it. The ſyſtem of Rights of Man had by this time made its appearance in India, and Mr Boyd could not avoid ſhewing his approbation of it.

In February 1794 he advertiſed propoſals for publiſhing by ſubſcription his Embaſſy to Candy, with particulars of that country, and of the iſlands of Mauritius and Bourbon, in two volumes octavo. The ſubſcription did not increaſe ſo rapidly as might have been expected: it was certainly a work from which the world would have derived much entertainment and information. The tardineſs of the public damped the ardour with which he had embraced the project: and he delayed taking up his pen till a ſufficient ſum was ſubſcribed to bear the charges of the preſs. But in September following, urged by ſome friends, he reſolved to begin, and partly on that account cloſed the *Obſerver* with a poſtſcript, in which there is a conditional promiſe to renew the Eſſays at a future period, and to print in a collective form thoſe that had appeared.

The courſe of Mr Boyd's exertions and embarraſſments now draws to a concluſion. That prodigality, ſays his biographer, of all worldly benefits, and perpetual careleſſneſs of pecuniary conſiderations, which miſguided his early years, attended him to that bed of ſickneſs, on which, whatever were his crimes or whatever his failings, he was to make a final expiation. Though imprudence muſt be acknowledged to be a great defect, yet that mind can boaſt of little liberality which magnifies it to a crime: moſt men, nevertheleſs, by judging of characters from appearances in common life, and by being unacquainted with the latent ſprings of human action, are apt indiſcriminately to conſider continued imprudence in the light of fraud.

"Mr Boyd, who had attentively ſtudied the great volume of life, muſt have known the truth of this obſervation; but perhaps he never experienced it until the approach of his diſſolution.

"Bleſſed with a vigorous conſtitution and an even flow of ſpirits, he paſſed through a chequered and buſtling life without having till now been confined with any ſerious illneſs. The fever, therefore, which from its beginning preyed upon his vitals, he felt with an anguiſh embittered by reflection on the embarraſſment of his affairs, and exaſperated by the calls of diſappointed creditors. Yet his mind, ſuperior to misfortune, diſdained the language of ſorrow; and his heart, warmed by the recollection of benevolent actions, ſolaced itſelf in the exerciſe of religious duties.

"Some days previous to his death, during

during a paroxiſm of his fever, I was called to take my laſt farewell—to tear myſelf from that boſom in which my affections had ſo long repoſed! My friend was extended on his bed; his once expreſſive viſage pale and emaciated; his eyes hollow and languid, and his voice feeble and low. He ſtretched out his hand to receive me, and only whiſpered he was ill;—but the big tear that rolled down his ſtill animated countenance, was more intelligible than all the figures of language.

"This is a ſcene in which friendſhip diſcovers every ſecret goodneſs, and at the ſame time finds palliations for every fault: in which power loſes all its influence, and rivalſhip all its envy; in which diſſipation and folly tremble, and vice and impiety ſtand appalled. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue ſurpaſs all external good, might here have ſeen them weighed againſt each other; where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent; all that ſparkles in the eye of hope, or pants in the boſom of ſuſpicion; at once become duſt in the balance, without weight and without regard. But it did not fall to my lot to attend him in his laſt hour. His life was prolonged for a few days more, and he expired in the arms of a virtuous and enlightened friend, whom he had always regarded with tenderneſs, and whoſe abilities he had always admired. With this friend I was ſitting in the ſick room (the laſt time I ever ſat in it,) when ſuddenly raiſing himſelf in his bed, he called us near him; and with a tremulous voice, though with a compoſure and clearneſs ſeldom attainable in ſuch ſituations, ſpoke the following lines:

In life's gay flow, when all obey
The ſprightly notes of Pleaſure's call,
Can then the faithful mirror ſay,
I ſhew a juſt original?

In ſcenes of power, and pomp, and place,
Where proud Ambition's vot'ries bow,
Can there the mirror's ſhining face
Of life a true reſemblance ſhow?

No! 'tis not where Ambition's hand
Sweeps o'er the poliſh roughly warm;
Nor where keen Pleaſure's ſighs demand
Her flattering images to form.

'Tis there where with reflection's aid,
And purified by pain,
Man contemplates his ſickly bed—
The mirror then ſhines plain!

"He would have proceeded, but his feelings were unable to bear thoſe reflections which he had already conjured up: he burſt into a flood of tears, and reclined again on his pillow.

"As his fate approached, he told the friend to whom I have above alluded, that ſome friends had abandoned him: yet though he felt this defection with the keeneſt regret, no expreſſion of reſentment, no emotion of anger, nor even a look of unkindneſs, ſullied the purity of his dying ſentiments; but in forgiving his enemies, and in offering up his prayers to the Almighty for his kindred, his friends, his country, and all mankind, with entire reſignation, and the moſt perfect calmneſs, he breathed his laſt!—Thus ended the life of this great and extraordinary man, at once remarkable for the moſt brilliant talents and the moſt exalted virtues—for the misfortunes which obſcured the one, and for the follies which ſurrounded the other.

"His death happened on the 19th of October 1794, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and he was interred the day following in the new burying-ground at Madras."

He left behind him a widow, a woman of accompliſhment, who delights in books; and two children, a boy and a girl. The ſon, who was born after his father's departure to the Eaſt, poſſeſſes, it is ſaid, his genius with greater application; and with his forwardneſs has already produced a tragedy.

THE

## THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER.

[*From 'Memoirs of Modern Philoſophers a Novel.'*]

BRIDGETINA, perceiving the book which Henry had left upon the table, took it up, and eagerly began to run over the contents; which ſhe continued to do in ſilence, notwithſtanding the entreaties of Julia, which ſhe ſilenced, by declaring, "that ſhe never read aloud to any one." After a few yawns, ſhe at length threw down the book, pronouncing it to be a very poor performance.

"You ſurpriſe me," ſaid Julia, "by ſaying ſo; it appeared to me to contain a great deal of genuine wit and humour."

"I do not care for wit and humour, returned Bridgetina; they may ſerve to amuſe the vulgar, but you know they are quite exploded by the new philoſophy. The works of imagination which now enlighten the world, are all generated by ſyſtem. The energies of philoſophical authors are all expanded in gloomy maſſes of tenebrific ſhade. The inveſtigators of *mind* never condeſcend to make their readers laugh.

"I cannot altogether agree with you," replied Julia. "The authors moſt remarkable for wit and humour appear to have had no ſlight knowledge of the human heart. Do you think that Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding, were ſtrangers to the ſtudy of the mind; or that they could poſſibly have delineated the minute features of the ſoul in the manner they have done, without an intimate acquaintance with its nature?"

"What is Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding," replied Bridgetina, "in the eye of a philoſopher? What did they know of infinite cauſation, or of perfectibility; or of effects being equal to their cauſes, and cauſes antecedent to their effects? The wit of ſuch men may amuſe the vulgar, but is deſpiſed by the enlightened."

"It is a ſubject on which people will pronounce according to their taſtes," ſaid Julia. "My father lays it down as a maxim, that the total incapacity for reliſhing humour is a ſure proof of mental imbecility.

"A ſentiment," rejoined Bridgetina, "very ſuitable to the ignorant prejudices of captain Delmond, but highly unworthy of a philoſopher. I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed to have heard it repeated by Harriet Orwell; but for you, you who have ſpent whole days, and weeks, and months, in ſtudying the writings of the new philoſophers, ſtill to preſerve a taſte for wit! It is truly aſtoniſhing! I perceive the ſociety of Harriet Orwell has perverted your mind."

"Indeed," ſaid Julia, "the ſociety of Miſs Orwell has been a very great happineſs to me. She gives me new cauſe to love and to eſteem her every hour. Never can I be forgetful of her goodneſs."

"Goodneſs!" repeated Bridgetina, with a ſneer; "from whence proceeds this boaſted goodneſs? Does it flow from a conviction of general utility, purſued through the maze of abſtract reaſoning? If it does not, what I pray you is its value?"

"I confeſs," replied Julia, "I never heard Miſs Orwell define the abſtract nature of virtue; ſhe rather appears to practiſe it from the ſpontaneous impulſe of her heart. But though ſhe may not be ſo enlightened by philoſophy as we could wiſh, ſhe is extremely well informed on other ſubjects, and reads a great deal, I aſſure you."

"I ſhould not wiſh to be confined to books of her ſelecting," replied Bridgetina; "her taſte and mine would not at all ſuit. Give me the wild extatic wanderings of imagination, the ſolemn ſorrows of ſuffocating ſenſibility! Oh how I doat on the

gloomy ravings of deſpair, or delicious deſcription of the ſoul-melting ſenſations of fierce and ardent love! But, alas! Julia, you are a ſtranger to the energetic extacies that pervade my ſoul. It is in a mind of great powers that ſtrong paſſions predominate; and only people ſuch as *I*, can taſte the tender emotions of an importunate ſenſibility. O Heloiſe! divine, incomparable Heloiſe! how, in peruſing thy enrapturing page, have all my latent energies been excited! O Henry Sydney, Henry Sydney, the St. Preuſe of my affections, how at the mention of thy name has a tide of ſweet ſenſations guſhed upon my heart!"

"Henry Sydney!" repeated Julia, "can you be ſerious? Is it poſſible that Henry Sydney can really have engaged your affections?"

"Poſſible! ſaid Bridgetina, "it is not only poſſible, but literally and demonſtrably true. The hiſtory of my ſenſations are equally intereſting and inſtructive. You will there ſee, how ſenſation generates intereſt, intereſt generates paſſions, paſſions generate powers; and ſenſations, paſſions, powers, all working together, produce aſſociations, and habits, and ideas, and ſenſibilities. O Julia! Julia! what a heart-moving hiſtory is mine.

It was almoſt impoſſible even for Julia to refrain from laughing at the figure of Bridgetina, as ſhe pronounced theſe words. Every feature ſcrewed into formality, and every diſtorted limb ſprawling in affected agitation, ſhe preſented ſuch an apparent antidote to the tender paſſion, that the mention of love from her lips had in it ſomething irreſiſtibly ridiculous. It was with ſome difficulty that Julia could ſufficiently command her voice to deſire her to proceed; which at length, after ſtretching her craggy neck, wiping the rheum from her eyes, and fixing them on the ſharp point of her turned-up noſe, ſhe did as follows:

"The remoter cauſes of thoſe aſſociations which formed the texture of my character, might, I know, very probably be traced to ſome tranſaction in the ſeraglio of the Great Mogul, or to ſome ſpirited and noble enterpriſe of the Cham of Tartary; but as the inveſtigation would be tedious, and, for want of proper data, perhaps impracticable, I ſhall not go beyond my birth, but content myſelf with arranging under ſeven heads (I love to methodiſe) the ſeven generating cauſes of the energies which ſtamp my individuality, obſerving, that it is by a proper attention to theſe fine and evaneſcent ſtrokes, that the knowledge of *mind* is alone to be attained."

"The firſt of theſe character-forming eras was the hour of my birth. The midwife who was to attend my mother, happening to be a mile or two out of town, her delay ſuddenly excited an energetic impetuoſity which ſcorned to wait for her arrival, and generated a noble ſpirit of independence, which brought me into the world without aſſiſtance. About two hours after I was born, the germ of other paſſions was produced. The nurſe, who from ſome early aſſociations had acquired a habit of getting drunk, let me fall upon the floor. A torrent of reſentment and indignation guſhed upon my heart, and the bitter tears that followed were a certain indication of the important conſequences which that accident was to have upon my future life.

"The third power-inſpiring era is ſtill more worthy of attention. It was, indeed, the fountain-head of all my feelings, the ſource of thoſe ſenſibilities and propenſities, which have been the ſprings of every action, the cauſe of every movement of my ſoul; it is therefore well worthy the attention of every philoſophic mind,

mind, of every lover of minute inveſtigation.

"Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, (a thing ill-ſuited to the energy of my character) I haſten to inform you, that my mother not being able to ſuckle me herſelf, a young woman was brought into the houſe to be my wet-nurſe, who ſome months before had borne a child to the pariſh-clerk. He kept a little day-ſchool in Muddy-lane; and Jenny, whoſe education had been neglected in her infancy, had reſorted to him to learn to read, and ſoon became ſo enamoured of literature, that from one of thoſe aſſociations ſo natural to the human mind, ſhe conceived a tender paſſion for her inſtructor. "Imagination lent its aid, and an importunate ſenſibility, panting for good unalloyed, completed the ſeduction." With her milk I greedily abſorbed the delicious poiſon which circulated through every vein; and love of literature, and *importunate ſenſibility*, became from thenceforth the predominant features of my character.

"Early did the fruits of the aſſociations thus formed expand to view: by the time I was four years old, I would have liſtened for hours to the ſtory of little Red Ridinghood; and on a particular inveſtigation of this important era, I have learned from an old domeſtic, that I could actually, at the age of five years, repeat the whole hiſtory of the Glaſs Slipper, without miſſing a ſingle word!

"Having been a remarkably unhealthy child, I was even at this age ſo weak and rickety as to be ſcarcely able to walk; but as *phyſical cauſes are as nothing*, I ſhould not have mentioned this circumſtance, but from the opportunity it afforded of expanding my powers in converſation. In my little chair I ſat, talked, muſed, cried, or fretted, according as events excited my ſenſibility. My father was ſo delighted with my premature eloquence, that he always kept me up to ſupper, and rewarded the exertion of my energies by a nice morſel of high-ſeaſoned ragout or ſavoury paſty. During his lifetime, my mother almoſt lived in the kitchen. But though her powers were expended in the ſcience of cookery, ſhe ſeldom had the good fortune to pleaſe; and the idea of her character, which from my father's contemptuous expreſſions I obtained, as it became a new ſource of action, may properly be termed a fourth operating principle of my mind.

"My father died when I had attained my ninth year, and my weakly conſtitution deterring my mother from ſending me to ſchool, I learned to read at home; I did not like my needle, and my mother (happily for me!) never controled the energies of my mind, or cramped its powers by a mean attention to domeſtic concerns. Thus at liberty, I quickly learned to reaſon, to analize, to demonſtrate; and loſt no opportunity of improving theſe powers. Did ſhe at any time deſire me to ring the bell, to ſtir the fire, to fetch her keys from the next room, I had an ever-ready argument to offer againſt a compliance with her requeſt. I examined its propriety, I inveſtigated its origin, I purſued its conſequences; till convinced by the ſubtlety of my reaſoning, or fatigued with following me through a maze of argument, which her inferior capacity did not permit her to purſue, ſhe gave up the point, and quietly rang the bell, ſtirred the fire, or fetched what ſhe wanted for herſelf.

"The paſſion for literature to which I was pre-diſpoſed by the antecedent propenſities of my nurſe, continued daily to encreaſe. I expanded my imagination by novels, I ſtrengthened my energies by romances, and at length invigorated my powers by metaphyſics.

"The manner in which my latent taſte for the latter was brought into

action, as it forms the fifth grand era of my history, deserves to be particularly narrated.

"My mother got a packet of brown snuff from London by the mail-coach; it was wrapped in two proof sheets of the quarto edition of the Political Justice. I eagerly snatched up the paper, and notwithstanding the frequent fits of sneezing it occasioned, from the quantity of snuff contained in every fold, I greedily devoured its contents. I read and sneezed, and sneezed and read, till the germ of philosophy began to fructify my soul. From that moment I became a philosopher, and need not inform you of the important consequences.

"Still my ardent sensibility led me back to novels. As I read each sweet, delicious tale, I reasoned, I investigated, I moralized. What! said I to myself, shall every heroine of all these numerous volumes have a lover, and shall *I* remain "a comfortless, solitary, shivering wanderer in the dreary wilderness of human society? I feel in myself the capacity of increasing the happiness of an individual;" but where is he? does he live in this town? have I seen him? how shall I find him? does his breast sympathize with mine? An idea of young Mr Gabriel Gubbles, the apothecary, came across my mind. Yes, said I, it must be he! I heaved a convulsive struggling sigh. Tears half delicious, half agonizing, gushed in torrents from my eyes. O Gubbles! Gubbles! cried I, my importunate sensibilities, my panting tenderness, are all reserved for thee!

"I hastily put on my cloak, and snatching up the umbrella, I walked forth to relieve the throbbing sensations of my too tender soul. A heavy cooling shower most opportunely at that moment fell. To quench the burning fervour I let down the umbrella, and was soon wet to the skin. I became somewhat more tranquil, more composed, and proceeded down the street.

I passed the shop of Mr Gubbles; young Gabriel was there; he was looking into the mouth of an old woman, who sat upon the floor to have a tooth pulled out. The attitude was charming; the scene was interesting; it was impressive, tender, melancholy, sublime. My suffocating sensibilities returned. I pursued my walk, leaning at times upon the umbrella. Careless of the observations of the passengers, who, strangers to the fine feelings of an exquisitely-susceptible mind, wondered at my keeping down the umbrella in such a heavy shower.

"Wet, dripping, draggled, dirty, I returned to the shop of Gubbles. The old woman was gone. Gabriel was pounding some drugs in the mortar, which sent forth a smell too powerful for my high-wrought frenzied feelings. I threw myself into a chair, and burst into tears. Gabriel Gubbles was astonished. Alarmed, terrified, distracted, at seeing me so ill, he took down bottle after bottle, and held to my nose; he poured out lavender and hartshorn, and presented them to me with a look so embarrassed, so full of feeling, that I exerted myself out of compassion to a sensibility which I observed to be already too much affected.

"He perceived my wet clothes, and in a voice of uncommon tenderness, begged me to have them changed. Unwilling to give him uneasiness, I promised to do as he requested, and retired.

"The tenderness of Gubbles inspired the most delightful hope. "The delicious poison circulated through every vein." I gave myself up to the ardent feelings of a morbid imagination, and thus prepared for myself "a cruel excess of wretchedness." O Julia! Julia! how will your tender soul sympathise with the sufferings of mine, when I tell you, that

that in one week from the intereſting event I have juſt related, I heard of Gabriel Gubble's marriage!"

Here Bridgetina took out her pocket handkerchief. Having wiped her eyes, ſhe thus proceeded:

"How ſhall I deſcribe my ſufferings! How ſhall I recount the ſalt, the bitter tears I ſhed! I yearn to be uſeful, (cried I) but the inexpreſſible yearnings of a ſoul which pants for general utility, is, by the *odious inſtitution of a diſtempered civilization*, rendered abortive. O divine philoſophy! by thy light I am taught to perceive that happineſs is the only true end of exiſtence. To be happy, it is neceſſary for me to love! Univerſal benevolence is an empty ſound. It is individuality that ſanctifies affection. But chained by the cruel fetters which unjuſt and deteſted cuſtom has forged for my miſerable and much-injured ſex, I am not at liberty to go about in ſearch of the individual whoſe mind would ſweetly mingle with mine. Barbarous fetters! cruel chains! odious ſtate of ſociety! Oh, that the age of reaſon were but come, when no ſoft-ſouled maiden ſhall ſigh in vain!

"In this joyleſs, comfortleſs, deſponding ſtate, I for ſome time remained. As I never at any time debaſed myſelf by houſhold cares, never attended to any ſort of work, I always enjoyed the ineſtimable privilege of leiſure. Always idle, always unemployed, the fermentation of my ideas received no interruption. They expanded, generated, increaſed. The ſociety of the philoſophers gave a freſh ſupply to the fuel of my mind. I became languid, reſtleſs, impatient, miſerable. But a mind of *great powers* cannot long remain in a ſtate of inactivity; its ſenſations are ever ready to be called forth. *The romantic, frenzied feelings, of ſenſibility, will ſoon generate an opportunity for their own exertion.*

"Happening to viſit Maria Sydney after the death of her mother, ſhe ſhewed me a letter ſhe had juſt received from Henry. The ſentiments were ſo tender, ſo delicate, ſo affectionate, I perceived in every word the traces of a mind formed for the pure delightful congeniality of mutual tenderneſs. A thouſand inſtances of his peculiar attention to me, the laſt time he was at home, ruſhed upon my mind. In going out to walk with his ſiſter through the fields, I remembered having once ſtuck upon the top of a ſtile, which I vainly endeavoured to get over, till Henry ſprung to my aſſiſtance, and with manly energetic fervour tore my petticoat from the ſtump in which it was entangled. Why did I not then perceive the tender emotion of his ſoul! why was I blind to ſuch a proof of ſenſibility and affection! The letter, the important eventful letter, roufed me from my lethargic ſlumber; every word thrilled through the fibres of my heart. It awaked the ſleeping extacies of my ſoul. I inhaled the balmy ſweetneſs which natural unſophiſticated affection ſheds through the human heart. O Henry! Henry! cried I, I perceive it is with thine my mind was formed to mingle. Thou art, from henceforth, the ſovereign arbiter of my fate!

"The hour, the wiſhed-for extatic hour of his return at length arrived. Excited by his ſenſations, he hurried to our houſe the morning after his arrival; and in his looks, his manner, gave the moſt unequivocal proofs of the tender ſentiments that inſpired his mind. But ſtill a myſterious reſerve ſeals his lips. Why does he not ſpeak? Why does he not avow a paſſion ſo ennobling, ſo worthy, ſo natural, and ah! ſo fully returned! Female foibles, ſhrinking delicacies, why do you make me heſitate to begin the ſubject? Why ſhould I bluſh to inform him of my affection? O dear, often kiſſed relique! (pulling up ſomething that was ſuſpended by a ribbon from her boſom)

boſom) precious depoſit! choſen confidante of my tenderneſs! how often haſt thou been witneſs to the convulſive ſtruggling ſigh! How often has thy bright face been dimmed by the dear, delicious, agonizing tears, which have ſtolen from my eyes!"

"Is it Henry's picture!" ſaid Julia; "how did you come by it? Did he preſent you with it himſelf?"

"Ah, no!" returned Bridgetina, ſighing; "it is a ſtolen memento; a theft of love. One day, on following his ſiſter into his bed-chamber, while he was out, I caſt my eyes upon his clothes, as they hung upon a horſe; and perceiving a looſe button, which dangled from the coat he had juſt thrown off, I took my ſciſſars, and ſevered the thread by which it hung. I retired without being perceived, and preſſed the button to my throbbing boſom. O button! button! cried I, in the delicious ardour of exquiſite ſenſibility. Once the dear appendage of thy maſter's coat, thou ſhalt from henceforth be the companion of Bridgetina's boſom; the ſolace of her tender ſorrows, the confidante of her afflictions! Yes; without reſerve ſhe ſhall murmur all her miſeries to thee."

Here Bridgetina ceaſed; and Julia (bewildered, as ſhe often was, by the illuſions of her own imagination) was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the effects of a ſimilar illuſion on the mind of her friend. With regard to Bridgetina, ſhe very quickly perceived the fatal conſequences of yielding to the ſuggeſtions of a diſtempered fancy. She ſaw, that under the idea of cultivating *mind*, ſhe had only been encouraging the miſchievous chimeras of a teeming imagination; but never once did it occur to Julia, that ſhe was herſelf the victim of the very ſame ſpecies of folly. So much eaſier is it for the mind's eye to pierce the faults of others, than to caſt a retroſpective glance upon its own.

The good-natured Julia, pitying the deluſion of her companion, earneſtly wiſhed to ſave her from the mortification to which it muſt inevitably expoſe her. "My dear Bridgetina,' ſaid ſhe, in a ſoft and gentle accent, "you have very much ſurpriſed me by the hiſtory of your feelings; but I wiſh—I fear,—indeed, I cannot help being very much afraid—that with regard to Henry Sydney, you deceive yourſelf. If he loves you, why ſhould he not declare it?"

"*If* he loves me!" repeated Bridgetina. "Why that cruel *if*? Why ſhould he not love me? What reaſon can he give? Do you think I have not inveſtigated the ſubject? Do you think I have not examined every reaſon, moral and phyſical, that he could have to offer againſt returning my paſſion? Do not think I have learned to philoſophiſe for nothing. But I perceive you are prejudiced," continued ſhe; "you do not enter into the fine feelings of an exquiſite ſuſceptibility. O divine Heloiſe! (pulling two volumes from her pocket) thou art the friend, whoſe ſentiments are ever ſoothing to the ſenſibilities of a too tender ſoul!" So ſaying, ſhe put one volume into the hands of Julia, while ſhe began to devour the contents of the other herſelf.

Julia perceiving how impenetrable ſhe was to reaſon, took the book, and read till bed-time, without troubling her with any further remonſtrance.

## SPECIMEN OF BIOGRAPHY.

A. B. was born in the year—(no matter what) His parents were (no matter who) he had a pleaſant, chubby countenance, friſked about in his nurſe's arms, ſaid *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*A ſweet baby.*

After this he began to walk alone, went

went from one end of the room to the other, ſpoke *pa* and *ma*, and ſeveral other words very diſtinctly, and looked ſo charming, that every body declared he was—*a pretty boy.*

He was now ſent to ſchool, where he learned his letters ſo well, that in a year or two he could read a ſhort leſſon in the ſpelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mama by heart (on condition of receiving a ſlice of plumb-cake) and was always deſired to walk in and be admired by the company, who agreed that he was—*a charming child.*

In his progreſs, by liſtening to the converſation of thoſe about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phraſes in common ſpeech, which he delivered with ſuch a pleaſing accent, and unbluſhing countenance, that he univerſally acquired the character of a—*wonderful boy for his years.*

He was now ſent to a ſuperior ſchool, and began to ſtudy Latin, arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled, at leaſt, if not excelled his fellow-ſcholars in his proficiency; but played ſo many droll tricks at the expence of his uſhers, and his ſchool-fellows, that they had no ſcruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad.*

He was next ſent to college, where he outdid all his competitors in the midnight frolic, played an excellent hand at whiſt, learned to drink his bottle, and was ſo pleaſant in ſinging a catch or glee, that they all agree in beſtowing upon him the epithet of a —*promiſing fellow.*

Here, too, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in certain amours, rather of the expenſive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bed-maker or his laundreſs' daughter; when his parents were informed of his gallantries, they cried out in extacy that he was—*a wild dog.*

His term being over, he was ſent to London, and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to ſtudy law, and ſee the world. Here he formed a new ſet of acquaintances, with whom he eat, drank, gamed, and *ſaw fights*; he was the life and ſoul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the ſly old benchers of the inns, ſhook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine daſhing fellow.*

In his anxiety to ſee the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St James', to the cellars in St Giles', and made ſuch droll remarks on what he ſaw, and ſeemed to enter ſo heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although ſome thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog, and no fool.*

He now began to dreſs in ſtile, dine in ſtile, give dinners in ſtile, and keep women in ſtile. He was a great man at the coffeehouſes; in the box lobbies of the theatres his perſon was an object, his opinion a law, and from his many tranſactions of public notoriety, people began to conſider him as—*a buck.*

In the proceſs of time, he learned to judge of horſe-fleſh, frequented the races, betted conſiderably on the favourite horſe of the day, and won large ſums—Lords now ſhook hands with him, and grave ſenators aſked his opinion, not on *ſtate*, but *ſtable* affairs; and he was known in the Turf coffeehouſe as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was—*a knowing one.*

But, ſomehow or other, his fortune, which had for ſome time been in his own hands, began to decreaſe; he was leſs ſucceſsful in his betts; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradeſmen began to be clamorous; money muſt be had; and, to get it, he ventured on many ſchemes, which the world does not approve of, nor think quite conſiſtent with honeſty, and became—*a black-leg.*

Amid

Amid all this, he never was an apoſtate to the cauſe of the fair ſex, but purſued his amours with *inconſtant conſtancy*, and with the advantages of a good perſon, ſome art, and more aſſurance, he was ſet down for a—*Devil among the women.*

By degrees, however, he found his affairs ſo much deranged, that he came to the reſolution to ſell the remainder of what he poſſeſſed, buy an annuity, and retire from public buſineſs, and life. In managing this matter, he made ſo good a bargain, that even the Jews ſhook their heads, ſtroked their beards, and ſwore—*Aſſh Got's my judge, he iſh no Chreſhtian!*

After this, he enjoyed himſelf to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, beſide the characters above-mentioned, ſeveral others, ſuch as an Odd Fellow---Hearty Cock---Pleaſant Dog, &c. At length, his whole courſe being run, he died at his lodgings at a hair-dreſſer's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and perſonal effects to an old woman, who ſwept his room, made his bed, and *tucked him up*, which occaſioned people to ſay---"He was ſtill the *old man.*"

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the pariſh took this expence off the ſhoulders of his wealthy *old friends*, who ſignified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, "Poor devil! What! is he dead---Well, I knew him once a *fine fellow!*"

## *FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.*

### STRICTURES ON DR. JOHNSON'S JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS, AND DR. BOSWELL'S TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

——————The ſtyle is excellent:
The ſenſe we humbly take upon content.

THOSE who have been contemporaries of Dr. Johnſon, who were inhabitants of Scotland during his viſit to it, who have, during a ſeries of years, been accuſtomed to hear one ſet of men extenuate his prejudices, and another exaggerate them, cannot be ſuppoſed to be impartial readers, either of the Doctor's journey, or of Mr Boſwell's Tour. It is ſomewhere mentioned by the Spectator as the excluſive and perhaps the higheſt privilege of poſterity, to eſtimate with cool impartiality the merits of eminent men. A young Scotſman, juſt beginning to look around him in the literary world, and accuſtomed to refer with deference to the arbitration of the Johnſonian Lexicon, exults when he firſt learns that ſuch a man travelled to the Weſtern Iſles, and publiſhed an account of his travels. Poſſeſſing perhaps little previous knowledge of the character of Dr. Johnſon, and viewing him with perfect indifference, as a perſon no longer in the world, either to criticiſe what is ſaid, or to do good or bad offices to any one,---he eagerly begins to read---with diſpaſſionate feelings, or rather with prepoſſeſſions, fully expecting the well-digeſted reſults of general knowledge, of univerſal obſervation, of unbounded philanthrophy, and of perfect impartiality. Every ſuch reader will (if I be not greatly miſtaken) feel a good deal diſappointed ere he run over a dozen of pages: and when he has peruſed the book, will diſmiſs it with a reflection like this; "The Doctor is not that man of univerſal and accurate obſervation, and catholic charity, which, from the celebrity of his name, I conceived him to be."

In ſupport of this opinion I ſhall proceed to make ſome remarks on a very few paſſages of the work.

The Doctor's partiality for his own country and his peculiarly virulent prejudice againſt Scotland, are, I now find, generally known and admitted. This feature of his character,

ſatisfier, therefore, I need only illuſtrate by the famed topic of Oſſian.

Speaking of the ſecond ſight, "I "never could advance my curioſity "to conviction," ſays the Doctor, "but came away at laſt only willing "to believe." Now, is it not very remarkable, that he who "came "away willing to believe" in the ſecond ſight, ſhould at the ſame time profeſs to leave Scotland in the full conviction that Oſſian was all impoſture? To ſuch a pitch of ſcepticiſm, however, did prejudice drive this imperious and haughty critic. Let the reader judge whether Dr Johnſon, in "coming away willing to be-"lieve in the ſecond ſight," or Dr Blair and Lord Kames, in giving their ſuffrage to the authenticity of Oſſian, "drank deepeſt of the deluſive opiate of haſty perſuaſion!" it was ſurely weak and abſurd in Johnſon to ſhut his eyes againſt ſo much collateral and preſumptive evidence; although it muſt be confeſſed, that it was unmanly, tantaliſing, and ſuſpicious in Macpherſon, to withhold, during his life, that evidence which lay in his ſcrutoire, and which, at laſt, by his will, he has directed his truſtees to publiſh in the original Gaelic. So ſtrongly, however, am I impreſſed with a ſenſe of Dr Johnſon's prepoſſeſſions againſt the Scotch, that I muſt ſay, that I think if Fingal had been the hero of any other people, the Doctor would have been an enthuſiaſtic admirer*.

Often does Dr Johnſon upbraid Scotland with her poverty†; often does he ungenerouſly remind her of the obligations ſhe owes to England, unfairly dating the whole of her reſpectability and proſperity from the æra of the Union. With ſarcaſtic indignity, which puts truth to the bluſh, the Doctor affirms, that a "Scotſman derives a certain degree "of dignity from the reputation of "poſſeſſing a two-horſe cart!" Dr Johnſon had ſurely forgot that poverty is no real reproach, and had need again to be taught,

"That ſtates, of native power poſſeſt,
"Tho' very poor, may ſtill be very
"bleſt."

By the Union, Scotland has indeed acquired much commerce and opulence, and much conſequent luxury and effeminacy. But ſhe loſt her independence and national conſequence, which ſhe had maintained for a ſeries of ages: for, as the Doctor himſelf remarks, the leſs will always be ſwallowed up and domineered over by the greater. By the Union, too, Preſbyterian Scotſmen are ſolemnly bound to guarantee the eternal maintenance of a hierarchy in England, which they believe to be antichriſtian, and againſt which they were previouſly bound by an oath equally ſolemn, but which it is now faſhionable to treat with the deriſive ſneer of "madneſs and enthuſiaſm."—It were ſuperfluous to prove the high renown of Scotland before her union with England. The names of Wallace, Bruce, Montroſe;—of Napier, Buchanan, and Sibbald, grace the Scottiſh page before that epoch, and are of themſelves ſufficient to eſtabliſh the celebrity of any country. It was long before the Union, too, that a Scotſman attained to the very exalted ſtation of conſtable of France, the firſt office in that mighty kingdom.

Upon the ſtate of religion in Scotland, the Doctor talks in an unſettled and



* We refer our correſpondent, whoſe eaſy faith in the forgeries of Macpherſon we can excuſe, to a maſterly refutation of the ſuppoſed authenticity of Oſſian's Poems, in the Appendix to the Hiſtory of Scotland, from the union of the crowns to the union of the kingdoms, by Malcolm Laing, Eſq. Advocate, in 2 vols. 8vo. juſt publiſhed. *Editor.*

† And it might be added with her nudity of arborous vegetation.—The Doctor ſaw no trees of any girth in Scotland, and yet paid a viſit to Inverary Caſtle: See Dr Garnet's Account of Inverary in his late Tour.

and even contradictory manner. In one place he obſerves, that "the "ancient rigour of puritaniſm is now "much relaxed, though all are not "equally enlightened." This is the ſentiment of an eaſy-tempered high churchman. In another place, however, he ſeems to contradict himſelf, and to *regret* that the "epidemical enthuſiaſm" introduced by the Reformation "is now viſibly abating, and "giving way *too faſt* to laxity of prac-"tice, and indifference of opinion." Here he is in the right. *Magna eſt veritas et prævalebit;* or, to uſe a phraſe of the Doctor's own, "Reaſon "and Truth will prevail at laſt."

While I rejoice in the conſequences, I muſt diſapprove and lament "the tumult and violence of Knox's "Reformation." Far be it from me to extenuate murder; but ſurely to brand the reformers indiſcriminately with the vile epithet of "ruffians," was equally unbecoming the liberal charity and the ſtrict veracity of Dr Johnſon.

It is ſtrange to hear him talk of the "malignant influence of Calvi-"niſm." It has indeed "blaſted ce-"remony;" and were this all its malignant influence, there would be no harm in the phraſe. But "Calviniſm "(he ſays) has blaſted ceremony and "*decency* together." The decency of Calviniſm ſurely was never before called in queſtion. The pageantry of epiſcopacy, and the ſimplicity of preſbytery,—"the lawn-rob'd pre-"late, and plain preſbyter*," have often been contraſted. Beſides, it ill became a grave and religious Doctor to read ſuch a leſſon to the ſcoffer and the infidel concerning the "ma-"*lignant* influence of Calviniſm:" and it was no mark of his good manners, neither, thus to traduce the reformed religion of Scotland, (eſtabliſhed in that country by the favourite Union,) after having paid ſo many obſequious compliments to the piety of Popiſh times. He muſt unqueſtionably have believed, that every true Scotſman was as much enamoured of Calviniſm, as *he* was of his loved epiſcopacy; and how the Doctor would have borne retaliation may eaſily be gueſſed.

His inſufficiency in natural hiſtory is diſguſtfully conſpicuous. "The "rocks (he ſays) abound with kelp, "a ſea plant, of which the aſhes are "melted into glaſs." Had the Doctor diſcovered his unaquaintance with ſome of the nicer punctilios of botanical ſcience, he might have been excuſed. But as kelp is an article of commercial importance, and as the manufacture of glaſs is an intereſting operation, and of univerſal notoriety, his blunders are inexcuſable. The whole ſentence may be poſitively denied. The rocks do *not* abound with kelp; *kelp* is *not* a ſea plant; and its aſhes are *not* melted into glaſs. The ſea plant referred to is the *fucus veſiculoſus* of Linnæus, though ſome others, ſuch as *F. nodoſus, ferratus, digitatus, ſaccharinus*, &c. and *Ulva palmata*, are often indiſcriminately gathered; and this fucus, or ſea-weed, is reduced to a ſtate of fuſion, *when* it acquires the name of *kelp*. This kelp is not melted into *glaſs*; but is uſed as a potaſh or ſalt, and reſembles indigo much rather than *glaſs*. A lixivial ſalt ſuch as kelp, is abſolutely neceſſary in the manufacture of glaſs; but the eſſential conſtituent is found in the cryſtalline particles of pebbles, freeſtone and ſand. Indeed, if kelp were "melted into "glaſs," it is not eaſy to ſee what uſe the ſoapmaker or the bleacher could make of ſuch a commodity!

Again, the Doctor ſays, "Where "a wide ſurface is expoſed to the "full influence of a freezing atmoſ-"phere, *I know not*† why the depth "ſhould

* Blair's *Grave*.

† "*I know not*" is one of his hobby-horſe phraſes, and, when he touches natural ſubjects, often *literally true*.

"ſhould keep it open." Strange! that he ſhould not know this. Earth is not ſo eaſily ſuſceptible of heat as water; and till water be cooled, even to the bottom, to a certain degree, the ſurface will not congeal. Now, it is evident, that ſhallow water will ſooner give forth its heat, or be cooled, than deep water, and will therefore more ſpeedily freeze. The Doctor ſeems to think, too, that the continual ruffling of the lakes by the wind prevents the action of the froſt: he ſhould have known, that agitation, except it be very violent indeed, promotes, rather than retards, congelation.

Once more; let us ſee Dr. Johnſon's account of peat.—"Peat ap-"pears to be a maſs of black earth "held together by vegetable fibres. "I know not whether the earth be "bituminous, or whether the fibres "be not the only combuſtible part, "which, by heating the interpoſed "earth red hot, makes a burning "maſs. The heat is not very ſtrong "nor laſting."—He ſays, only, that "peat *appears* to be a maſs of black "earth." He had taken only a diſtant or ſuperficial view; he had not examined the conſtituent parts of peat; for, had he done ſo, he muſt have diſcerned a marked difference between it and *humus ater*. The heath *(erica vulgaris* and *tetralix)*, the moſs *(ſphagnum paluſtre*, &c.) and the lichens *(lichen rangiferinus, phyſodes*, &c.) annually decaying and reviving, or at leaſt in ſome meaſure doing ſo, proceed gradually to form ſtrata, the next plants ſpringing up from the wreck or exuviæ of the former ones. Thus, at the celebrated moſs of Kincardine, which the ingenious and patriotic Lord Kames began to clear, after all the accumulated ſtrata of decayed and concreted heath were removed, an excellent ſurface of loam came to light, incumbent on the uſual ſubſoils. That peat is quite a vegetable ſubſtance is evident from this, that goldſmiths and others often ſubſtitute it for the coals of wood in fuſing the precious metals, or in reducing metallic calces. This proves alſo that the heat of peat is at leaſt *ſtrong*, if it be not laſting: As the Doctor denies it both qualities, it is reaſonable, at leaſt, to conclude that he muſt have ſeen *bad peat!* He further ſays: "The common opinion "is, that peat grows again where it "has been cut; which, as it ſeems to "be chiefly a vegetable ſubſtance, is "not unlikely to be true, whether "known or not to thoſe who relate "it." Here it may be remarked, that what was juſt now "a maſs of "*black earth, held together*" only "by "vegetable fibres," is *per ſaltum* become "*chiefly* a vegetable ſubſtance." But the ſentiment is, either way, very dark or very inaccurate. The Doctor would ſeem to intimate, that peat, conſidered as ſuch, does grow,—grows in the very quality of peat. The country people may ſuppoſe ſo; and therefore *he* ſhould have avoided all ambiguity, if he knew how to avoid it. Stone is gradually formed, it has been ſaid therefore to grow; and if you tell a country man that ſtone grows, it is no eaſy thing to make him comprehend, why he ſhould not, during a long life, be able to diſcern any difference of ſize in his native rocks.

Upon the whole, whatever be the merits of its compoſition, the Journey to the Weſtern Iſles diſcovers the author to have been very liable to prejudice,—to have been ſuperſtitious, full of literary ſelf-ſufficiency, and very deficient in the philoſophy and hiſtory of nature. It is but fair, however, to allow him, in his many other performances, the praiſes of great philological learning, of erudite literature, of claſſical elegance, and of a peculiar energy of mind, and felicity of expreſſion, in biographical, moral, or critical writing.

Having perused Dr Johnson's journey, I next encountered Mr Boswell, his companion's, journal, published after the death of the former and through its many laboured pages of nauseous flattery and jejune prolixity, I was not, I must confess, able to wade, without considerable ennui and irritation.

A striking inconsistency reigns throughout. We are early warned, that the journal, as printed, is a transcript, *ipsissimis verbis*, of that diurnally read by Dr Johnson; and yet, in the progress of the work, many circumstances and remarks are, without any caveat, introduced, which could not be known or mentioned till long after the date of the journal, or even till after Dr Johnson's decease. To cite examples of a fact so notorious, were needlessly to swell these remarks: it must be evident to every attentive reader.

Mr Boswell makes many pretensions to piety. But it were to be wished that he had drawn some distinction between *religion* and mere *warmth of affection*. A man may, by natural constitution, greatly excel in the latter, while his heart and understanding are in reality strangers to the former. Mr Boswell's illustration of Dr Johnson's views of the atonement of the Saviour, is equally derogatory to his own character as a theologist, and pernicious to the wavering religious principles of inquiring readers. It is a kind of Arminianism very confusedly expressed. Indeed, since Mr Boswell confesses (p. 199.) that he "found great difficulty in describing *visible* objects," it could not reasonably be expected that he should be very lucid or perspicuous on subjects, not only invisible but intricate. Of this, and of every other charge brought against Mr Boswell, or his *English* Socrates, ample proof can, with perfect ease, at any time, be drawn from the printed works.

Mr Boswell was as superstitious as his master. He tells us, "that "there was something comfortable in "the thought of being near a piece "of consecrated ground," and "that "he hoped that, ever after having "been in that holy place (Icolmkill,) "he should maintain an exemplary "conduct!"

The Journal presents us with several Latin odes composed by Dr Johnson in the course of the excursion. Here the Doctor's prejudice may still be traced. In one ode he says,

"Pervagor gentes hominum ferotum."

This perhaps may be palliated, or excused, as the glow of poetry. But he himself has borne testimony to the "hospitality and innocence" of the islanders, neither of which qualities are very consonant with the character of *ferus*. Nor was it any mark of good breeding, first to praise men in English for their hospitality, and then to brand them as savages in a language less understood. Probably the Doctor was not so much offended at the *fumes tugurii* as at the *strepitus ignotæ loquelæ*, especially considering it was that tongue which pretended to the honour of the sublime poems of Ossian.

The journal abounds with the most fulsome adulation of Johnson. "Ages may revolve (says Mr Boswell) before such a man "shall again visit Scotland." From my heart I wish it may be so. While I read of the "transit of Johnson over the Cale-"donian hemisphere," and think of his groundless, but rooted antipathy to *Albin* and *Albanich* *, I cannot help wishing that such a meteor may never again trouble the Scottish skies.

In short, to this journal of Mr Boswell's (which perhaps might better be stiled An Account of the Peculiarities of Dr Johnson) the words of Fabius Quintus may, I conceive, be

* Scotland and Scotsmen.

be appositely applied, "Quæ solida "et ampla sunt diu placent; quæ "autem lepida et concinna, paulu- "lum quidem mulcent, sed cito fa- "tiant."

*June*, 1800. *Scotus Juvenilis.*

NARRATIVE OF THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF ROBERT BURNS THE POET.—WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*From Dr. Currie's Edition of the Works of Burns*.*

[ROBERT BURNS was, as is well known, the son of a farmer in Ayrshire, and afterwards himself a farmer there; but having been unsuccessful, he was about to emigrate to Jamaica. He had previously however attracted some notice by his poetical talents in the vicinity where he lived, and having published a small volume of his poems at Kilmarnock, this drew upon him more general attention. In consequence of the encouragement he received, he repaired to Edinburgh, and there published by subscription an improved and enlarged edition of his poems, which met with extraordinary success. By the profits arising from the sale of this edition, he was enabled to enter on a farm in Dumfries-shire; and having married a person to whom he had been long attached, he retired, to devote the remainder of his life to agriculture. He was again however unsuccessful, and abandoning his farm, he removed into the town of Dumfries, where he filled an inferior office in the excise, and where he terminated his life in July 1796, in his thirty-eighth year.

The strength and originality of his genius procured him the notice of many persons distinguished in the republic of letters, and among others, that of Dr. Moore, well known for his Views of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe, for his Zeluco, and various other works. To this gentleman our poet addressed the following letter, after his first visit to Edinburgh, giving a history of his life up to the period of his writing. In a composition never intended to see the light, elegance, or perfect correctness of composition will not be expected. These however will be compensated by the opportunity of seeing our poet, as he gives the incidents of his life, unfold the peculiarities of his character, with all the careless vigour and open sincerity of his mind.]

"*Mauchline, 2d August*, 1787.

"SIR,

"For some months past I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expence; for I assure you, Sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble, I have, I say, like him turned my eyes to behold madness and folly; and like him too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. * * * After you have perused these pages, should

* In 4 vols. 8vo. beautifully printed by M'Reery, Liverpool. for CADELL and DAVIES, *London*; and W. CREECH, *Edinburgh*.

ſhould you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under ſome twitching qualms of conſcience, ariſing from a ſuſpicion that he was doing what he ought not to do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

I have not the moſt diſtant pretenſions to aſſume that character which the pye-coated guardians of eſcutcheons call, a Gentleman. When at Edinburgh laſt winter, I got acquainted in the herald's office, and looking through the granary of honours, I there found almoſt every name of the kingdom; but for me,

"My ancient but ignoble blood
"Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood.

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite diſowned me.

"My father was of the north of Scotland, the ſon of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years wanderings and ſojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of obſervation and experience, to which I am indebted for moſt of my little pretenſions to wiſdom.—I have met with few who underſtood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but ſtubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irraſcibility, are diſqualifying circumſtances; conſequently I was born a very poor man's ſon.

"For the firſt ſix or ſeven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of ſmall eſtate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that ſtation, I muſt have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-houſe; but it was his deareſt wiſh and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye, till they could diſcern between good and evil; ſo with the aſſiſtance of his generous maſter, my father ventured on a ſmall farm on his eſtate. At thoſe years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a ſtubborn ſturdy ſomething in my diſpoſition, and an enthuſiaſtic ideot piety.—I ſay *ideot* piety, becauſe I was then but a child. Though it coſt the ſchoolmaſter ſome thraſhings, I made an excellent Engliſh ſcholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in ſubſtantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyiſh days too, I owed much to an old woman who reſided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and ſuperſtition. She had, I ſuppoſe, the largeſt collection in the country of tales and ſongs concerning devils, ghoſts, faires, brownies, witches, warlocks, ſpunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, inchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent ſeeds of poetry; but had ſo ſtrong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I ſometimes keep a ſharp look out in ſuſpicious places; and though nobody can be more ſceptical than I in am ſuch matters, yet it often takes an effort of philoſophy to ſhake off theſe idle terrors. The earlieſt compoſition that I recollect taking pleaſure in, was The Viſion of Mirza, and a hymn of Addiſon's, beginning, "How are thy Servants "bleſt, O Lord!" I particulary remember one half-ſtanza which was muſic to my boyiſh ear—

"For though on dreadful whirls we hung
"High on the broken wave.—

I met with theſe pieces in Maſon's Engliſh Collection, one of my ſchool-books. The two firſt books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleaſure than any two books I ever read ſince, were, The Life of Hannibal, and The Hiſtory of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas ſuch a turn, that I uſed to ſtrut in raptures up and down after

after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there, till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

"Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad, and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays between sermons, at funerals, &c. used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

"My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modification of spited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, *without bounds or limits*. I formed several connexions with other younkers who possessed superior advantages; the *youngling* actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas, I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age, that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world, to give the young great man that proper decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *clouterly* appearance of my plough-boy carcase, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, even then, I could pick up some observations, and one, whose heart I am sure not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction, but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my *Tale of Twa Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children, and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more, and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expences. We lived very poorly: I was a dextrous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel-writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the f——l factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

"This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of Rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the

the firſt of human joys, our deareſt bleſſing here below! How ſhe caught the contagion I cannot tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the ſame air, the touch, &c. but I never expreſsly ſaid I loved her.—Indeed I did not know myſelf why I liked ſo much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-ſtrings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulſe beat ſuch a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-ſtings and thiſtles. Among her other love-inſpiring qualities, ſhe ſung ſweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not ſo preſumptuous as to imagine that I could make verſes like printed ones, compoſed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl ſung a ſong which was ſaid to be compoſed by a ſmall country laird's ſon, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I ſaw no reaſon why I might not rhyme as well as he; for excepting that he could ſmear ſheep, and caſt peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more ſcholar-craft than myſelf.

"Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the laſt twelve months, have been my higheſt enjoyment. My father ſtruggled on till he reached the freedom in his leaſe, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made, was ſuch as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his leaſe, otherwiſe the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here, but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years toſſing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was juſt ſaved from the horrors of a jail, by a conſumption, which, after two years promiſes, kindly ſtepped in, and carried him away, to "where the wicked "ceaſe from troubling, and where the "weary are at reſt!

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm, that my little ſtory is moſt eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the moſt ungainly aukward boy in the pariſh---no *ſolitaire* was leſs acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient ſtory was gathered from *Salmon's* and *Guthrie's* geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticiſm, I got from the Spectator. Theſe, with Pope's Works, ſome plays of Shakeſpeare, Tull and Dickſon on Agriculture, The Pantheon, Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, Stackhouſe's Hiſtory of the Bible, Juſtice's Britiſh Gardener's Dictionary, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramſay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A Select Collection of Engliſh Songs, and Harvey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of ſongs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, ſong by ſong, verſe by verſe; carefully noting the true tender, or ſublime, from affectation and fuſtian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, ſuch as it is.

"In my ſeventeeth year, to give my manners a bruſh, I went to a country dancing-ſchool.---My father had an unaccountable antipathy againſt theſe meetings, and my going was what to this moment I repent, in oppoſition to his wiſhes. My father, as I ſaid before, was ſubject to ſtrong paſſions; from that inſtance of diſobedience in me, he took a fort of diſlike to me, which, I believe was one cauſe of the diſſipation which marked my ſucceeding years. I ſay

diſſipation,

diſſipation, comparatively with the ſtrictneſs, and ſobriety, and regularity of preſbyterian country life; for though the will-o-wiſp meteors of thoughtleſs whim were almoſt the ſole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me, for ſeveral years afterwards, within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early ſome ſtirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I ſaw my father's ſituation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The firſt is ſo contracted an aperture, I never could ſqueeze myſelf into it—the laſt I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!—Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a ſtrong appetite for ſociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of obſervation and remark; a conſtitutional melancholy or hypochondriaſm that made me fly ſolitude; add to theſe incentives to ſocial life, my reputation for bookiſh knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a ſtrength of thought, ſomething like the rudiments of good ſenſe, and it will not ſeem ſurpriſing that I was generally a welcome gueſt where I viſited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulſes of my heart, was *un penchant a l' adorable moitiée du genre humain.* My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by ſome goddeſs or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; ſometimes I was received with favour, and ſometimes I was mortified with a repulſe. At the plough, ſcythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I ſet abſolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exerciſe, I ſpent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad ſeldom carries on a love-adventure without an aſſiſting confidant. I poſſeſſed a curioſity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper ſecond on theſe occaſions, and I dare ſay, I felt as much pleaſure in being in the ſecret of half the loves of the pariſh of Tarbolton, as ever did ſtateſman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very gooſe-feather in my hand, ſeems to know inſtinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my ſong; and is with difficulty reſtrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love-adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-houſe and cottage: but the grave ſons of ſcience, ambition, or avarice, baptize theſe things by the name of Follies. To the ſons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the moſt ſerious nature; to them the ardent hope, the ſtolen interview, the tender farewell, and the greateſt and moſt delicious parts of their enjoyments.

"Another circumſtance in my life which made ſome alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I ſpent my nineteenth ſummer on a ſmuggling coaſt, a good diſtance from home, at a noted ſchool, to learn menſuration, ſurveying, dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progreſs. But I made a greater progreſs in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very ſucceſsful, and it ſometimes happened to me to fall in with thoſe who carried it on. Scenes of ſwaggering riot and roaring diſſipation were till this time new to me, but I was no enemy to ſocial life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glaſs, and to mix without fear in a drunken ſquabble, yet I went on

with a high hand with my geometry; till the ſun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my boſom, when a charming *fillette* who lived next door to the ſchool, overſet my trigonometry, and ſet me off at a tangent from the ſphere of my ſtudies. I however ſtruggled on with my *ſines* and *co-ſines* for a few days more; but ſtepping into the garden one charming noon to take the ſun's altitude, there I met my angel,

"Like Proſerpine gathering flowers,
"Herſelf a fairer flower—

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at ſchool. The remaining week I ſtaid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my ſoul about her, or ſteal out to meet her; and the two laſt nights of my ſtay in the country, had ſleep been a mortal ſin, the image of this modeſt and innocent girl had kept me guiltleſs.

"I returned home very conſiderably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomſon's and Shenſtone's Works; I had ſeen human nature in a new phaſis; and I engaged ſeveral of my ſchool-fellows to keep up a literary correſpondence with me. This improved me in compoſition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them moſt devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleaſed me, and a compariſon between them and the compoſition of moſt of my correſpondents, flattered my vanity. I carried this whim ſo far, that though I had not three farthings worth of buſineſs in the world, yet almoſt every poſt brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding ſon of day-book and ledger.

"My life flowed on much in the ſame courſe till my twenty-third year. *Vive l' amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my ſole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleaſure; *Sterne* and *M^c^Kenzie*—*Triſtram Shandy* and *The Man of Feeling* were my boſom favourites. Poeſy was ſtill a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had uſually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it ſuited the momentary tone of the mind, and diſmiſſed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My paſſions, when once lighted up, raged like ſo many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verſes, like a ſpell, ſoothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of thoſe days are in print, except, *Winter, a Dirge*, the eldeſt of my printed pieces; *The Death of poor Maillie*, *John Barleycorn*, and ſongs firſt, ſecond, and third, (vol. 3.) Song ſecond was the ebullition of that paſſion which ended the foremention ed ſchool-buſineſs.

"My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wiſhed to ſet about doing ſomething in life, I joined a flax-dreſſer in a neighbouring town, (Irvin) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My * * * and to finiſh the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carouſal to the new year, the ſhop took fire and burnt to aſhes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a ſixpence.

"I was obliged to give up this ſcheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worſt of all, he was viſibly far gone in a conſumption; and to crown my diſtreſſes, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her ſoul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumſtances of mortification. The finiſhing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my conſtitutional melancholy being increaſed to ſuch a degree, that for three months, I was in a

ſtate

ſtate of mind ſcarcely to be envied by the hopeleſs wretches who have got their mittimus—*depart from me, ye curſed.*

" From this adventure I learned ſomething of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendſhip I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapleſs ſon of misfortune. He was the ſon of a ſimple mechanic; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his ſituation in life. The patron dying juſt as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in deſpair went to ſea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been ſet aſhore by an American privateer, on the wild coaſt of Connaught, ſtripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's ſtory without adding, that he is at this time maſter of a large Weſt-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

" His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthuſiaſm, and of courſe ſtrove to imitate him. In ſome meaſure I ſucceeded: I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vaſtly ſuperior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever ſaw who was a greater fool than myſelf, where woman was the preſiding ſtar; but he ſpoke of illicit love with the levity of a ſailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendſhip did me a miſchief, and the conſequence was, that ſoon after I reſumed the plough, I wrote the *Poet's Welcome**. My reading only increaſed while in this town by two ſtray volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which gave me ſome idea of novels. Rhyme, except ſome religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with *Ferguſon's Scottiſh Poems*, I ſtrung a-new my wildly-ſounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of juſtice; but we made a ſhift to collect a little money in the family amongſt us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my ſocial and amorous madneſs; but in good ſenſe, and every ſober qualification, he was far my ſuperior.

" I entered on this farm with a full reſolution, *come, go to, I will be wiſe!* I read farming books, I calculated crops; I attended markets; and in ſhort, in ſpite of *the devil, and the world, and the fleſh*, I believe I ſhould have been a wiſe man; but the firſt year, from unfortunately buying bad ſeed, the ſecond from a late harveſt, we loſt half our crops. This overſet all my wiſdom, and I returned, *like the dog to his vomit, and the ſow that was waſhed, to her wallowing in the mire.*

" I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The firſt of my poetic offſpring that ſaw the light was a burleſque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calviniſts, both of them *dramatis perſonæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myſelf, that the piece had ſome merit; but to prevent the worſt, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of ſuch things, and told him that I could not gueſs who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain deſcription of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applauſe. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-ſeſſion ſo much, that they



* Rob the Rymer's Welcome to his Baſtard Child,

held ſeveral meetings, to look over their ſpiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed againſt profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another ſide, within point blank ſhot of their heavieſt metal. This is the unfortunate ſtory that gave riſe to my printed poem, *The Lament*. This was a moſt melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among thoſe who have loſt the chart, and miſtaken the reckoning of Rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I reſolved to publiſh my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I ſhould be called a clever fellow, even though it ſhould never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhoſpitable clime, and gone to the world of ſpirits! I can truly ſay, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myſelf and of my works, as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion, that the miſtakes and blunders both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we ſee thouſands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themſelves.—

"To know myſelf had been all along my conſtant ſtudy. I weighed myſelf alone; I balanced myſelf with others; I watched every means of information, to ſee how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet: I ſtudied aſſiduouſly nature's deſign in my formation; where the lights and ſhades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with ſome applauſe; but at the worſt, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of cenſure, and the novelty of Weſt-Indian ſcenes make me forget neglect. I threw off ſix hundred copies, of which I had got ſubſcriptions for about three hundred and fifty.—My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and beſides, I pocketed all expenſes deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This ſum came very ſeaſonably, as I was thinking of indenting myſelf, for want of money to procure my paſſage. As ſoon as I was maſter of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a ſteerage paſſage in the firſt ſhip that was to ſail from the Clyde, for,

"Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

"I had been for ſome days ſkulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as ſome ill-adviſed people had uncoupled the mercileſs pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the laſt farewell of my few friends; my cheſt was on the road to Greenock, I had compoſed the laſt ſong I ſhould ever meaſure in Caledonia, *The gloomy night is gathering faſt*, when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my ſchemes, by opening new proſpects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a ſet of critics, for whoſe applauſe I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a ſecond edition, fired me ſo much, that away I poſted for that city, without a ſingle acquaintance, or a ſingle letter of introduction. The baneful ſtar that had ſo long ſhed its blaſting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind providence placed me under the patronage of one of the nobleſt of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand Dieu, ſi jamais je l' oublie!*

"I need relate no farther. At Edin-

Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among claſſes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manners living as they riſe.* Whether I have profited, time will ſhew.

[*An Abſtract of Dr Currie's Life of Burns in our next.*]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

*From the ſame.*

SCOTLAND has produced perſons of high diſtinction in every branch of philoſophy and literature, and her hiſtory, while a ſeparate and independent nation, has been ſucceſsfully explored. But the preſent character of the people was not then formed; the nation then preſented features ſimilar to thoſe which the feudal ſyſtem and the Catholic religion had diffuſed over Europe, modified indeed by the peculiar nature of her territory and climate. The reformation, by which ſuch important changes were produced on the national character, was ſpeedily followed by the acceſſion of the Scottiſh monarchs to the Engliſh throne, and the period which elapſed from that acceſſion to the Union has been rendered memorable, chiefly, by thoſe bloody convulſions in which both diviſions of the iſland were involved, and which in a conſiderable degree concealed from the eye of the hiſtorian, the domeſtic hiſtory of the people, and the gradual variations in their condition and manners. Since the Union, Scotland, though the ſeat of two unſucceſsful attempts to reſtore the houſe of Stewart to the throne, has enjoyed a comparative tranquillity, and it is ſince this period that the preſent character of her peaſantry has been in a great meaſure formed, though the political cauſes affecting it are to be traced to the previous acts of her ſeparate legiſlature.

A ſlight acquaintance with the peaſantry of Scotland, will ſerve to convince an unprejudiced obſerver that they poſſeſs a degree of intelligence not generally found among the ſame claſs of men in the other countries of Europe. In the very humbleſt condition of the Scottiſh peaſants every one can read, and moſt perſons are more or leſs ſkilled in writing and arithmetic; and under the diſguiſe of their uncouth appearance, and of their peculiar manners and dialect, a ſtranger will diſcover that they poſſeſs a curioſity, and have obtained a degree of information correſponding to theſe acquirements.

Theſe advantages they owe to the legal proviſion made by the parliament of Scotland in 1646, for the eſtabliſhment of a ſchool in every pariſh throughout the kingdom, for the expreſs purpoſe of educating the poor; a law which may challenge compariſon with any act of legiſlation to be found in the records of hiſtory, whether we conſider the wiſdom of the ends in view, the ſimplicity of the means employed, or the proviſions made to render theſe means effectual to their purpoſe. This excellent ſtatute wrs repealed on the acceſſion of Charles II. 1660, together with all the other laws paſſed during the commonwealth, as not being ſanctioned by the royal aſſent. It ſlept during the reigns of Charles and James, but was re-enacted preciſely in the ſame terms, by the Scottiſh parliament, after the revolution in 1696; and this is the laſt proviſion on the ſubject. Its effects on the national character may be conſidered to have commenced about the period of the Union, and doubtleſs it co-operated with

with the peace and security arising from that happy event, in producing the extraordinary change in favour of industry and good morals, which the character of the common people of Scotland has since undergone.

The church-establishment of Scotland happily coincides with the institution just mentioned, which may be called its school-establishment. The clergyman being every where resident in his particular parish, becomes the natural patron and superintendant of the parish school, and is enabled in various ways to promote the comfort of the teacher, and the proficiency of the scholars. The teacher himself is often a candidate for holy orders, who during the long course of study and probation required in the Scottish church, renders the time which can be spared from his professional studies, useful to others as well as to himself, by assuming the respectable character of a school-master. It is common for the established schools, even in the country parishes of Scotland, to enjoy the means of classical instruction, and many of the farmers, and some even of the cottagers, submit to much privation, that they may obtain for one of their sons at least, the precarious advantage of a learned education. The difficulty to be surmounted, arises indeed not from the expense of instructing their children, but from the charge of supporting them. In the country parish schools the English language, writing, and accounts, are generally taught at the rate of six shillings, and Latin, at the rate of ten or twelve shilling per annum. In the towns the prices are somewhat higher.

That the instruction received at these seminaries, is on the whole favourable to industry and morals, though doubtless with some individual exceptions, seems to be proved by the most striking and decisive experience; and it is equally clear, that it is the cause of that spirit of emigration and of adventure so prevalent among the Scotch. Knowledge has, by Lord Verulam, been denominated power; by others, it has with less propriety been denominated virtue or happiness: we may with confidence consider it as motion. A human being, in proportion as he is informed, has his wishes enlarged, as well as the means of gratifying those wishes. He may be considered as taking within the sphere of his vision a larger portion of the globe on which we tread, and spying advantage at a greater distance on its surface. His desires or ambition once excited, are stimulated by his imagination, and distant and uncertain objects giving freer scope to the operation of this faculty, often acquire in the mind of the youthful adventurer an attraction from their very distance and uncertainty. If therefore a greater degree of instruction be given to the peasantry of a country comparatively poor, in the neighbourhood of other countries rich in natural and acquired advantages, and if the barriers be removed that kept hem separate, emigration from the former to the latter will take place to a certain extent, by laws nearly as uniform as those by which heat diffuses itself among surrounding bodies, or water finds its level when left to its natural course.

By the articles of the Union the barrier was broken down which divided the two British nations, and knowledge and poverty poured the adventurous natives of the north, over the fertile plains of England, and, more especially, over the colonies which she had settled in the east and in the west. The stream of population continues to flow from the north to the south; for the causes that originally impelled it continue to operate; and the richer country is constantly invigorated by the accession of an informed and hardy race of men,

men, educated in poverty, and prepared for hardſhip and danger, patient of labour, and prodigal of life.

The preachers of the reformation in Scotland were diſciples of Calvin, and brought with them the temper as well as the tenets of that celebrated hereſiarch. The preſbyterian form of worſhip and of church government, was endeared to the people, from its being eſtabliſhed by themſelves. It was endeared to them alſo, by the ſtruggle it had to maintain with the catholic and the proteſtant epiſcopal churches, over both of which, after a hundred years of fierce and ſometimes bloody contention, it finally triumphed, receiving the countenance of government, and the ſanction of law. During this long period of contention and of ſuffering, the temper of the people became more and more obſtinate and bigotted, and the nation received that deep tinge of fanaticiſm which coloured their public tranſactions as well as their private virtues; and of which evident traces may be found in our own times. When the public ſchools were eſtabliſhed, the inſtruction communicated in them partook of the religious character of the people. The catechiſm of the Weſtminſter divines was the univerſal ſchool-book, and was put into the hands of the young peaſant as ſoon as he had acquired a knowledge of his alphabet; and his firſt exerciſe in the art of reading, introduced him to the moſt myſterious doctrines of the Chriſtian faith. This practice is continued in our own times. After the Aſſembly's catechiſm, the proverbs of Solomon, and the New and Old Teſtament, follow in regular ſucceſſion; and the ſcholar departs, gifted with the knowledge of the ſacred writings, and receiving their doctrines according to the interpretation of the Weſtminſter confeſſion of faith. Thus with the inſtruction of infancy in the ſchools of Scotland, are blended the dogmas of the national church; and hence the firſt and moſt conſtant exerciſe of ingenuity among the peaſantry of Scotland, is diſplayed in religious diſputation. With a ſtrong attachment to the national creed, is conjoined a bigotted preference of certain forms of worſhip; the ſource of which would be often altogether obſcure, if we did not recollect that the ceremonies of the Scottiſh church were framed, in direct oppoſition in every point, to thoſe of the church of Rome.

The eccentricities of conduct, and ſingularities of opinion and manners, which characterized the Engliſh ſectaries in the laſt century, afforded a ſubject for the comic muſe of Butler, whoſe pictures loſe their intereſt, ſince their archetypes are loſt. Some of the peculiarities common among the more rigid diſciples of Calviniſm in Scotland, in the preſent times, have given ſcope to the ridicule of Burns, whoſe humour is equal to Butler's, and whoſe drawings from living manners are ſingularly expreſſive and exact. Unfortunately the correctneſs of his taſte did not always correſpond with the ſtrength of his genius, and hence ſome of the moſt exquiſite of his comic productions are rendered unfit for the light*.

The information and the religious education of the peaſantry of Scotland, promote ſedateneſs of conduct, and habits of thought and reflection.—Theſe good qualities are not counteracted by the eſtabliſhment of poor-laws, which, while they reflect credit on the benevolence, detract from the wiſdom of the Engliſh legiſlature. To make a legal proviſion for the inevitable diſtreſſes of the poor, who by age or diſeaſe are rendered incapable of labour, may indeed ſeem an indiſpenſable duty of ſociety; and if, in

* Holy Willie's Prayer; Rob the Rymer's welcome to his baſtard child; Epiſtle to J. Gowdie; The Holy Tulzie, &c.

in the execution of a plan for this purpoſe, a diſtinction could be introduced, ſo as to exclude from its benefits thoſe whoſe ſufferings are produced by idleneſs or profligacy, ſuch an inſtitution would perhaps be as rational as humane. But to lay a general tax on property for the ſupport of poverty, from whatever cauſe proceeding, is a meaſure full of danger. It muſt operate in a conſiderable degree as a bounty on idleneſs, and a duty on induſtry. It takes away from vice and indolence the proſpect of their moſt dreaded conſequences, and from virtue and induſtry their peculiar ſanctions. In many caſes it muſt render the riſe in the price of labour, not a bleſſing, but a curſe to the labourer; who, if there be an exceſs in what he earns, beyond his immediate neceſſities, may be expected to devote this exceſs to his preſent gratification; truſting to the proviſion made by law for his own and his family's ſupport, ſhould diſeaſe ſuſpend, or death terminate his labours. Happily, in Scotland, the ſame legiſlature which eſtabliſhed a ſyſtem of inſtruction for the poor, reſiſted the introduction of a legal proviſion for the ſupport of poverty; what they granted on the one hand, and what they refuſed on the other, was equally favourable to induſtry and good morals; and hence it will not appear ſurpriſing, if the Scottiſh peaſantry have a more than uſual ſhare of prudence and reflection, if they approach nearer than perſons of their order uſually do, to the definition of a man, that of, "a being that looks before "and after." Theſe obſervations muſt indeed be taken with many exceptions—the favourable operation of the cauſes juſt mentioned, is counteracted by others of an oppoſite tendency, and the ſubject, if fully examined, would lead to diſcuſſions of great extent.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE SCOTTISH MUSIC AND NATIONAL SONGS.

*From the ſame.*

WHEN the Reformation was eſtabliſhed in Scotland, inſtrumental muſic was baniſhed from the churches, as favouring too much of "prophane minſtrelſy." Inſtead of being regulated by an inſtrument, the voices of the congregation are led and directed by a perſon under the name of a precentor, and the people are all expected to join in the tune which he chuſes for the pſalm which is to be ſung. Church-muſic is therefore a part of the education of the peaſantry of Scotland, in which they are uſually inſtructed in the long winter nights by the pariſh ſchoolmaſter, who is generally the precentor, or by itinerant teachers more celebrated for their powers of voice. This branch of education had, in the laſt reign, fallen into ſome neglect, but was revived about thirty or forty years ago, when the muſic itſelf was reformed and improved. The Scottiſh ſyſtem of pſalmody is however radically bad. Deſtitute of taſte or harmony, it forms a ſtriking contraſt with the delicacy and pathos of the prophane airs. Our poet, it will be found, was taught church-muſic, in which however he made little proficiency.

That dancing ſhould alſo be very generally a part of the education of the Scottiſh peaſantry, will ſurprize thoſe who have only ſeen this deſcription of men; and ſtill more thoſe who reflect on the rigid ſpirit of Calviniſm, with which the nation is ſo deeply affected, and to which this recreation is ſtrongly abhorrent. The winter is alſo the ſeaſon when they acquire dancing, and indeed almoſt all their other inſtruction. They are taught

taught to dance by perſons, generally of their own number, many of whom work at daily labour during the ſummer months. The ſchool is uſually a barn, and the arena for the performers is generally a clay floor. The dome is lighted by candles ſtuck in one end of a cloven ſtick, the other end of which is thruſt into the wall. Reels, ſtrathſpeys, country-dances, and hornpipes, are here practiſed. The jig, ſo much in favour among the Engliſh peaſantry, has no place among them. The attachment of the people of Scotland of every rank, and particularly of the peaſantry, to this amuſement, is very great. After the labours of the day are over, young men and women walk many miles in the cold and dreary night of winter, to theſe country dancing-ſchools; and the inſtant that the violin ſounds a Scottiſh air, fatigue ſeems to vaniſh, the toil-bent ruſtic becomes erect, his features brighten with ſympathy; every nerve ſeems to thrill with ſenſation, and every artery to vibrate with life. Theſe ruſtic performers are indeed leſs to be admired for grace, than for agility and animation, and their accurate obſervance of time. Their modes of dancing, as well as their tunes, are common to every rank in Scotland, and are now generally known. In our own day they have penetrated into England, and have eſtabliſhed themſelves even in the circle of royalty. In another generation they will be naturalized in every part of the iſland*.

The prevalence of this taſte, or rather paſſion, for dancing, among a people ſo deeply tinctured with the ſpirit and doctrines of Calvin, is one of thoſe contradictions which the philoſophic obſerver ſo often finds in national character and manners. It is probably to be aſcribed to the Scottiſh muſic, which throughout all its varieties, is ſo full of ſenſibility, and which in its livelier ſtrains, awakes thoſe vivid emotions, that find in dancing their natural ſolace and relief.

This triumph of the muſic of Scotland over the ſpirit of the eſtabliſhed religion, has not however been obtained without long-continued and obſtinate ſtruggles. The numerous ſectaries who diſſent from the eſtabliſhment on account of the relaxation which they perceive, or think they perceive, in the church, from her original doctrines and diſcipline, univerſally condemn the practice of dancing, and the ſchools where it is taught; and the more elderly and ſerious part of the people of every perſuaſion, tolerate rather than approve theſe meetings of the young of both ſexes, where dancing is practiced to their ſpirit-ſtirring muſic, where care is diſpelled, toil is forgotten, and prudence itſelf is ſometimes lulled to ſleep.

The reformation, which proved fatal to the riſe of the other fine arts in Scotland, probably impeded, but could not obſtruct the progreſs of its muſic; a circumſtance that will convince the impartial inquirer, that this muſic not only exiſted previouſly to that æra, but had taken a firm hold of the nation; thus affording a proof of

* At the fete given by her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of York, at Oatlands, on the 30th of May, the dances were as follows: 1. Ramah Droog. 2. Miſs Murray of Auchtertyre. 3. The Tartan Plaidie. 4. Lady Harriet Hope's Reel. And laſtly, the inchanting tune of Mrs Gordon of Troupe's Strathſpey was called for by the Princeſs Auguſta, and danced twice over by all the ſet. Between the ſecond and third dance, Their Majeſties deſiring to ſee the Highland Reel in all its purity, it was danced by the Marquis of Huntley and Lady Georgiana Gordon, Colonel Erſkine and Lady Charlotte Durham, with all the elaſtic motion, hereditary character, and boundleſs variety of the Scottiſh dance. [*Extracted from the London Paper the Star, 1ſt June* 1799.]

of its antiquity ſtronger than any produced by the reſearches of our antiquaries.

The impreſſion which the Scottiſh muſic has made on the people, is deepened by its union with the national ſongs, of which various collections of unequal merit are before the public. Theſe ſongs, like thoſe of other nations, are many of them humourous, but they chiefly treat of love, war, and drinking. Love is the ſubject of the greater proportion. Without diſplaying the higher powers of the imagination, they exhibit a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and breathe a ſpirit of affection, and ſometimes of delicate and romantic tenderneſs, not to be ſurpaſſed in modern poetry, and which the more poliſhed ſtrains of antiquity have ſeldom poſſeſſed.

The origin of this amatory character in the ruſtic muſe of Scotland, or of the greater number of theſe love-ſongs themſelves, it would be difficult to trace; they have accumulated in the ſilent lapſe of time, and it is now perhaps impoſſible to give an arrangement of them in the order of their date, valuable as ſuch a record of taſte and manners would be.

Their preſent influence on the character of the nation is however great and ſtriking. To them we muſt attribute in a great meaſure, the romantic paſſion which ſo often characterizes the attachments of the humbleſt of the people of Scotland, to a degree, that, if we miſtake not, is ſeldom found in the ſame rank of ſociety in other countries. The pictures of love and happineſs exhibited in their rural ſongs, are early impreſſed on the mind of the peaſant, and are rendered more attractive from the muſic with which they are united. They aſſociate themſelves with his own youthful emotions; they elevate the object as well as the nature of his attachment; and give to the impreſſions of ſenſe, the beautiful colours of imagination. Hence, in the courſe of his paſſion, a Scottiſh peaſant often exerts a ſpirit of adventure, of which a Spaniſh Cavalier need not be aſhamed. After the labours of the day are over, he ſets out for the habitation of his miſtreſs, perhaps at many miles diſtance, regardleſs of the length or the drearineſs of the way. He approaches her in ſecrecy, under the diſguiſe of night. A ſignal at the door or window, perhaps agreed on, and underſtood by none but her, gives information of his arrival, and ſometimes it is repeated again and again, before the capricious fair one will obey the ſummons. But if ſhe favours his addreſſes, ſhe eſcapes unobſerved, and receives the vows of her lover under the gloom of twilight, or the deeper ſhade of night. Interviews of this kind are the ſubjects of many of the Scottiſh ſongs, ſome of the moſt beautiful of which Burns has imitated or improved. In the art which they celebrate he was perfectly ſkilled; he knew and had practiſed all its myſteries. Intercourſe of this ſort is indeed univerſal even in the humbleſt condition of man in every region of the earth. But it is not unnatural to ſuppoſe, that it may exiſt in a greater degree, and in a more romantic form, among the peaſantry of a country who are ſuppoſed to be more than commonly inſtructed, who find in their rural ſongs, expreſſion for their youthful emotions, and in whom the embers of paſſion are continually fanned by the breathings of a muſic full of tenderneſs and ſenſibility. The direct influence of phyſical cauſes on the attachment between the ſexes, is comparatively ſmall, but it is modified by moral cauſes beyond any other affection of the mind. Of theſe muſic and poetry are the chief. Among the ſnows of Lapland, and under the burning ſun of Angola, the

ſavage

ſavage is ſeen haſtening to his miſtreſs, every where he beguiles the weari neſs of his journey with poetry and ſong*.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SIR JAMES FOULIS OF COLINTON, BART. TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

*Colinton, March 26th* 1777.

My Lord,

THIS morning only I received your letter of March 12th; ſo that I find myſelf doubly a debtor; firſt for your viſit, then for a letter: and I find it moſt for the conveniency of my affairs to pay firſt the laſt debt.

I find that time is paſſed with your Lordſhip at Kirkhill much in the ſame manner as with me at Colinton.

I never had any ambition for the reputation of an author, yet I have frequently had it in my head to write a treatiſe, which ſhould be entitled *The Art of Idleneſs*. The purport of it ſhould be, to teach men who had no regular buſineſs, and were above the neceſſity of purſuing ſome occupation, how to paſs their time innocently, agreeably, and even uſefully. I would begin by ſhewing that all gameſters, horſe-racers, with a great *et cetera* of ſuch uſeleſs and pernicious people, did not fall under the head of my treatiſe, as not being idle men, but ill employed ones, who have all the reſtleſsneſs and anxiety of deſires unſatisfied, and are therefore to be counted among men of buſineſs. My pupils ſeek amuſements that are innocent, eaſy, always in their own power to procure; ſuch as improve the mind, and fit it for further enjoyment, and finally are beneficial to mankind. One of them having nothing to do, encloſes ten barren acres, worth only a ſhilling per acre of yearly rent; and whilſt he is pleaſing himſelf with ſeeing his hedges grow, and to find a freſh verdure where there was only blaſted heath before, he is agreeably ſurpriſed to find his ten acres now yield ten pounds a year. If a rainy day confine him at home within doors, that is a day of high entertainment, for he will ſurely ſee ſome new beauty in Virgil, or other claſſic, that he had not obſerved before, find out the cauſe of ſome appearance in nature which he had not hitherto explored, feaſt on a diſh of Tacitus, Hume, or Voltaire, or take his pen and write a letter that has nothing in it, to ſome one whom he hopes "*Suas eſſe aliquid putare nugas*," and pleaſes himſelf before hand with the ſatisfaction he ſhall receive when he gets an anſwer. I would chuſe for the motto of this treatiſe, or rather, I ſhould ſay the text for this ſermon,

"Pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter
"Et ardens evexit ad æthera virtus
"Dis geniti potuere."

Obſerve, my beloved, how my text naturally divides itſelf into three heads, and how abſolutely neceſſary it is that all three ſhould concur to form the happy hero of idleneſs, whom I rather frame to myſelf an idea than ever expect to meet with.

1ſt. "Æquus amavit Jupiter." He muſt have a happy natural diſpoſition, as the foundation on which ſo magnificent a ſuperſtructure is to be raiſed.

*Secondly*. "Ardens virtus." It is impoſſible for a perſon to be happy if his mind be gnawed by reflections on an ill-ſpent life, or diſtracted with unſatisfied deſires and diſorderly paſſions.

*Thirdly* and laſtly. "Dis geniti." Which was an expreſſion uſed by the ancients to expreſs what we more ſimply



* The North American Indians, among whom the attachment between the ſexes is ſaid to be weak, and love in the purer ſenſe of the word unknown, ſeem nearly unacquainted with the charms of poetry and muſic. *See Weld's Tour.*

ſimply call, men of a good family. Though no deſcent, however illuſtrious, can compenſate for want of perſonal merit, yet where that favourable circumſtance concurs in a perſon who has the two foregoing neceſſary qualifications, it contributes much to elevate the mind, and aſſiſts it to contemn low purſuits. Such men too are generally ſo early initiated in the art of idleneſs, that it becomes natual to them, and they enjoy it with an eaſe and elegance that can ſcarcely ever be attained by others. I have often known worthy men, whoſe induſtry had raiſed them to a great fortune, who then purchaſed an eſtate in the country in hopes of enjoying that happy idleneſs which is the ſubject of my diſcourſe. But the firſt viſits of ceremony were ſcarce paid and received, when they and their neighbours were equally diſſatisfied with one another, for no other reaſon, but becauſe the parties on one ſide having been habituated to buſineſs, knew not how to enjoy their leiſure with that eaſe the other could do, who had been idle all their lives.

I have made ſuch progreſs in this art as is ſcarcely credible. I rece ved ſome days ago a letter from a friend in London, telling me he had recovered two hundred pounds for me that I had deſpaired of, and that I might draw for it when I pleaſed. Moſt people would have gone to town immediately, but I put off my journey till to-morrow, when I muſt neceſſarily go however; and if it were not that I am obliged to pay away part of it, I would almoſt rather want the money than be at the trouble of negotiating the buſineſs at a banker's. Do I not deſerve a diſtinguiſhed place among the favourite ſons of idleneſs.

I am, with much reſpect, your
Lordſhip's faithfully,
*James Foulis.*

## *FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.*

### HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

*Strawberryhill, Sept.* 23, 1785.

My Lord,

YOU are too condeſcending, when you incline to keep up a correſpondence with one who can expect to maintain it but a ſhort time, and whoſe intervals of health are reſigned to idleneſs, not dedicated, as they have ſometimes been, to literary purſuits; for what could I purſue with any proſpect of accompliſhment? or what avails it to ſtore a memory that muſt loſe faſter than it acquires?—your zeal for illuminating your country and countrymen is laudable, and you are young enough to make a progreſs; but a man who touches the verge of his ſixty-eighth year, ought to know, that he is unfit to contribute to the amuſement of more active minds. This conſideration makes me much decline correſpondence: having nothing new to communicate, I perceive that I fill my letters with apologies for having nothing to ſay. The diſcoveries made by Herſchel, which you have been ſo good as to communicate are ſtupendous indeed! You have launched my meditations into ſuch a vaſt field, that if I tapped one channel, I ſhould write a volume, and perhaps finiſh in the clouds. How puny, how diminutive are thoſe diſcoveries we uſed formerly to boaſt of, when compared to thoſe of Herſchel, who puts up millions of covies of worlds at a beat, my conceptions are not ample enough to take in even a ſketch of his glimpſes; and leaſt I ſhould loſe myſelf in attempting to follow his inveſtigations, I recal my mind home, and apply it to reflect on what we thought

we

we knew, when we imagined we knew ſomething (which we deemed a vaſt deal) pretty correctly.—Segrais I think it was who ſaid with much contempt, to a lady who talked of her ſtar, Your ſtar, madam! there are but three thouſand ſtars in all; and do you imagine that you have a whole one to yourſelf? the fooliſh dame it ſeems was not more ignorant than Segrais himſelf. If our ſyſtem includes twenty million of worlds, the lady had as much right to pretend to a whole ticket as the philoſopher had to treat her like a ſervant maid, who buys a chance for a day in a ſtate lottery. Stupendous as Mrs Herſchel's inveſtigations are, and admirable as are his talents, his expreſſion of our *retired corners of the univerſe* ſeems a little improper.

When a little emmet ſtanding on its ant-hill, could get a peep into infinity, how could he think he ſaw a corner of it? a retired corner! Is there a bounded ſide to infinitude? If there are twenty millions of worlds, why not as many and as more? Oh! one's imagination cracks? I long to bait within diſtance of home and reſt at the moon. Mr Herſchel will content me if he can diſcover thirteen provinces there well inhabited by men and women and protected by the law of nations*; that law which was enacted by Europe for its own emolument, to the prejudice of the other three parts of the globe, and which beſtows the property of whole realms on the firſt perſon who happens to eſpy them, can annex them to the crown of Great Britain in lieu of thoſe it has loſt beyond the Atlantick.

I am very ignorant in Aſtronomy, as ignorant as Segrais or the lady, and could wiſh to aſk many queſtions; as, Whether our celeſtial globes muſt not be infinitely magnified? our Orreries too, muſt not they be given to children, and new ones conſtructed, that will at leaſt take in *our retired corners*, and all its out-flying conſtellations? Muſt not that hoſt of worlds be chriſtened? Mr Herſchel himſelf has ſtood god-father for his Majeſty to the new Sidus. His Majeſty, thank God, has a numerous iſſue; but they, and all the princes and princeſſes in the world, cannot ſupply appellations enow for twenty millions of new born ſtars: no, though the royal progenies of Auſtria, Naples, and Spain, who have each two dozen of ſaints for ſponſors, ſhould conſent to ſplit their bead-rolls of names among the foundlings:—but I find I talk like an old nurſe, and you at laſt will be convinced, that it is not worth your while to keep up a correſpondence with a man in his dotage, merely becauſe he has the honour to be,

My Lord,
your Lordſhip's faithful
humble ſervant
EARL of BUCHAN, *Kirkhill.* } *Hor. Walpole.*

* The then thirteen united States of America.

*FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.*

ON THE DEMOLITION OF WRYTES-HOUSE, NEAR EDINBURGH.

Vain, tranſitory ſplendor! could not all
Reprieve the *noble* manſion from its fall? GOLDSMITH.

TO deſtroy monuments of antiquity is ungracious and illiberal in any country: it is peculiarly unwiſe and unpatriotic in Scotland. Of the ancient manſions of the feudal chieftains of this country, however, a great majority has already been either razed to the ground or ſuffered to waſte into irreparable ruin.

How grateful muſt it have been to

to the inhabitants of Edinburgh to be able to point the attention of a prejudiced ſtranger to the towering and venerable fabric of WRYTES-HOUSE, one exiſting memorial, among many others, of the ancient power and greatneſs of Scotland, and of her early proficiency in the architecture and ſculpture formerly in repute! Will perſons of taſte in this country believe it, will liberal and lettered Engliſhmen believe it!—this beautiful caſtle,—in the environs of the capital,—and the ornament of Burntsfield Links*, a public reſort,—is at this moment reſounding the blows of the hammers and axes of final demolition!

The managers of the late Mr Gilleſpie's mortification having, by reaſon, as is ſaid, of the voracity of ſome greedy proprietor, been diſappointed in their original intentions,

> They ſpy'd this goodly Caſtle,—
> Which chuſing for their *hoſpital*,
> They thither march'd†.——

And who could have doubted that it might eaſily have been transformed into a moſt capacious and elegant hoſpital,—a truly ſplendid abode for decayed Gilleſpies!

The Managers have, however, preferred the erection of a plain richly-looking *new* hoſpital, to the bold and noble appearance of a turreted caſtle. But ſtill the old manſion did by no means interfere with the ſite choſen for this new building. In the premiſes there was room enough, and to ſpare, for both. The only injury, indeed, which the caſtle could have done, would have been to obſtruct ſomewhat the perſpective of the refined inhabitants of the hoſpital! If it had been found difficult to let the former to a proper tenant, how comparatively praiſeworthy would it have been to have allowed it ſilently to moulder in decay! But down it muſt come,—if it ſhould be for the ſake only of the timber, the ſlates, and the ſtones. Its fate is now irretrievable. A few weeks will leave ſcarely a trace to tell where once it ſtood. £10,000 would not rear ſuch another caſtle; and if it did, ſtill it would be modern.

Wrytes houſe was of conſiderable antiquity‡. Above one window was the inſcription, "*Sicut Oliva* § *fructifera* 1376," and above another, "*In Domino confido*, 1400."——— There are ſeveral later dates, marking the periods, probably of additions, embelliſhments, or repairs, or the ſucceſſion of different proprietors ‖. The arms over the principal door, were thoſe of Britain after the union of the Crowns.—On triangular ſtones above the windows were five emblematical repreſentations,

> And in thoſe five, ſuch things their form expreſs'd,
> As we can touch, taſte, feel, or hear, or ſee *.

A variety of the *Virtues*, alſo, were ſtrewed upon different parts of the building.—In one place was a rude repreſentation of our firſt parents, and under-

* Downs.

† Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

‡ Maitland and Arnot's hiſtories of Edinburgh.

§ *Oliva*, for *Olea*.—From the fruit of the olive is expreſſed an excellent medicinal oil, and its branches have ever been adopted as the emblems of peace. But the import of the reference, in this inſcription, I have not been fortunate enough to diſcover.

‖ When we lately viſited this venerable edifice, it was ſuggeſted to us by an intelligent heraldic antiquary, whom we found "poring on the doubtful ſculpture," that the different dates 1376, 1400, 15—, could not reaſonably be referred to the age of the building in its ſucceſſive ſtages of improvement, but muſt have been inſcribed at one time, to record the ſucceſſive intermarriages of the anceſtors of the owner. The neatneſs, diſtinctneſs, and uniformity of the letters, &c. render this opinion highly probable. *Editor.*

* Davies.

underneath, the well-known old proverbial diſtich,

When Adam delv'd and Eve ſpan,
Quhair war a the gentles than.

In another place was a head of Julius Cæſar, and elſewhere a head of Octavius Secundus, both in good preſervation.—Moſt of theſe curious pieces of ſculpture have been defaced or broken, no meaſure having been taken to preſerve them from the effects of their fall*. This is much to be regretted, as there can be little doubt that ſome good gentleman would not only have given the contractor an advanced price, but would have ſo diſpoſed of theſe relics as to enſure their future exiſtence and preſervation. Had the late Mr Walter Roſs been alive, they would not have been allowed to daſh againſt the ground and ſhiver into fragments! What ſuppoſe the managers themſelves were yet to erect a little gothic-looking manſion in ſome convenient corner, conſtructed entirely of the ſculptured and ornamented ſtones of the caſtle. Thus, ſo far from miſapplying their funds, they might at once produce a beautiful ſummer-houſe or termination of a viſta, and diſcharge an imperious debt they owe to their countrymen and to poſterity,—the preſervation and tranſmiſſion of thoſe ſpecimens of Scottiſh workmanſhip of remote ages. Such a building, compoſed chiefly of antique carved ſtones, may be ſeen near St Bernard's Well, in the policy (or pleaſure grounds) of the gentleman laſt mentioned: And Portobello tower, built by Mr Cunningham, conſiſts principally of the ſculptured and ornamented ſtones found in the houſes which were pulled down to make way for the South Bridge.

Proprietors are not allowed, in equity, to make uſe of their property to the prejudice of the public. Is the country in general not intereſted in the preſervation of the fabrics of antiquity? How far will not opulent and ingenious perſons travel to view an ancient caſtle or a ruinous abbey! How many annually viſit Melroſe, Dryburgh, Linlithgow, St Andrew's, and Elgin, or even perhaps the iſland of Icolmkill! Would it be prudent to allow ignorant proprietors, (if ever theſe or ſimilar buildings ſhould unhappily fall into the hands of ſuch;)—would it be prudent to allow them, at once to annihilate the ornaments of Scotland and the attraction of monied ſtrangers?

The *manes* of a Roman Temple and a Roman Sudatorium†, which till of late years exiſted on the banks of the Carron, call loudly for ſome kind of reſtrictive regulation reſpecting thoſe leſs curious and rare, yet highly eſtimable and ſplendid pieces of antiquity that yet remain.

The walls of the great amphitheatre at Rome had long been dug as a common quarry, by the degenerate offspring of the Quirini. Braſchi, the late Pope, being a man of taſte, was indignant at this practice, and reſolved to turn the tide of popular ſuperſtition againſt it, as the moſt effectual mean of putting a ſtop to it for ever. The ruinous Circus was accordingly *conſecrated* by his Holineſs; and now it would be reckoned groſs ſacrilege to delapidate a ſtone!—

It

* A long ſtone, on which was curiouſly ſculptured a group reſembling Holbein's *Dance of Death*, was ſome months ago diſcovered at the head of Forreſter's Wynd, which, in former days, was the weſtern boundary of St Giles's high churchyard. This relic, too, was much defaced, and broken in two, by being careleſsly toſſed down by the workmen. It was a curious piece. Amid other muſicians who brought up the rear was an angel playing on the Highland bagpipes,—a national conceit, which appears alſo on the entablature of one of the pillars of the ſupremely elegant gothic chapel at Roſlin.

† Or Sweating-houſe, ſuch as the modern bagnios of Italy and Hummums of London.

It is reported, that while ſome maſons were employed in pulling down the ancient chapel of St Roque near Edinburgh, one of them having been nearly buried in the ruins, the workmen viewed the accident as ominous, and could not be perſuaded to proceed.—Dr Garnet, in his Tower to the Weſtern Highlands, relates an inſtance of this uſeful kind of ſuperſtition. A wright (or carpenter) having cut ſome trees from the ruins of the venerable church of Toroſay in Mull, was ſo preſſingly told by his neighbours, that henceforth he could expect nothing to proſper with him, that, conſtrained by awe and dread, he actually carried back the trees, and depoſited them by the ruins; "where," adds the Doctor, "they "ſtill lie, notwithſtanding the ex-"treme ſcarcity of timber."—But although this awe for antiquity, if duly regulated, may be uſeful in repreſſing the attacks of the illiterate, ſome mean will be found indiſpenſable for reſtraining thoſe who have yet "a little learning," but are devoid of taſte. The ſpecification of that mean, I muſt beg leave to devolve on the more experienced and wiſe. I have pointed out the danger. And if no meaſure be taken, how many more of the antique beautie of Scotland, will, in the courſe of another ſcore of years, have ſhared the fate of Ardkinglaſs, Holywood, and Wrytes-houſe, the diſaſtrous experience of the laſt 20 years may enable us too certainly to prognoſticate.

A reſtriction from deſtroying an object of general admiration, and conſequently of general utility, cannot, ſurely, be reckoned an infringement on the freedom of diſpoſal of property. Indeed, the man who complains of being fettered down from demoliſhing an ancient chapel or caſtle on his paternal eſtate, may, in my opinion, complain, in the next place, that he is not at liberty to commit ſacrilege or murder.

*July* 1800. *Cadmon.*

*FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUPPOSED AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS.

IN peruſing the very ſatisfactory diſſertation annexed to Mr Laing's Hiſtory of Scotland, the contents of which preſent a much more accurate inveſtigation of the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Oſſian than any work which has yet appeared, I think it muſt be evident to every intelligent mind, that the fate of that tedious controverſy is at length nearly decided. Prejudice or intereſt may, however, ſtill continue to operate againſt the cleareſt conviction; and as a long ſeries of forgeries is wont to call forth a long ſeries of detections and defences, ſo we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that ſuch myſterious publications as Rowley's poems, the Shakſpere MSS. and the ſubject under conſideration, will long occupy the attention of the learned. In the Oſſianic controverſy much ſtreſs has been laid on the language in which theſe poems are ſaid to have been written. As many of the moſt reſpectable believers, as well as of thoſe who have doubted, were unacquainted with the Gaelic, they were conſequently but imperfectly qualified to judge of the original evidence. Much importance has been always attached to this circumſtance by the defenders themſelves and all them with whom I have converſed recurred to this as a refuge from the incredulity of their ſouthern opponents. It is well known that theſe Poems are conſtantly affirmed to have floated on the breath of oral tradition from the fourth century, the age of their author; nor has any perſon ventured to affirm that any MS. collection

tion exiſted before that pretended to be written by Macvurich. The very outline of this ſtory, as Mr Laing has obſerved, is a violation of the hiſtorical truth of language in all nations. For, ſuppoſing that ſuch a maſs of poetry, as Mr Macpherſon and Dr Smith have given us in Engliſh, could poſſibly have been tranſmitted in that matter from a period half ſo remote, are we to believe theſe editors, that the language, in the courſe of that immenſe number of years, underwent no conſiderable changes or alterations? In Dr Percy's Ancient Ballads, we have the old Song of Chevy Chace written in the reign of Henry VI. in language which no Engliſhman, an antiquarian excepted, can explain at this day. The old MSS. in Trinity College Library, of a date by one-half later than the age of Fingal, are quite unintelligible to any common Iriſh ſcholar. Yet the difference between Scotch and Iriſh Gaelic is perfectly trifling, when viewed on the whole; and Mr Pinkerton's well-confirmed hiſtorical aſſertion, however humbling to the pride of Morven, that the Scotch Gael are originally a colony from Ireland, is ſupported by more arguments than he has brought in proof of it. Are we then to believe that theſe ſublime deſcriptions of battles, bards, and ſpirits, were compoſed by Oſſian in the language of his age, but that with the lapſe of ſucceſſive years the crop of obſolete words gradually fell off, and ſtill the beauties we obſerve remained? Had the poems been delivered to us by manuſcripts, no highlander would have underſtood a ſingle paſſage to the end; and yet the poems which we have tranſlated were *familiar* in every family. That the names of the heroes were familiar to the Gaelic countries, Ireland can teſtify as ſtrongly as Scotland; and that many wild ſtories, parts of which were as beautiful as others were abſurd, are recorded both by tradition and writing, we have the common evidence of the people and of old Iriſh MSS.; beſides alſo, the materials from which theſe poems might be fabricated, both imagery and fable, may eaſily be produced; but no writing or MS. whatſoever, older than Mr Macpherſon, contains Fingal and Temora.

But Mr Laing has affirmed, that the language of the Gaelic ſcraps of theſe poems, communicated to the public, is nothing more nor leſs than the corrupted dialect of the eighteenth century. This argument might be followed up to much greater length than he has thought proper to purſue it; and I could not, upon ſeeing the paſſage, overlook the force of a weighty objection, which immediately ſtrikes at the authenticity of theſe poems, and even the high pretenſions to antiquity of the Gaelic language. No body is ignorant of the etymological rage which both the Celtic and Hibernian authors have indulged of deriving all obſolete words and names of places from the Earſe. With them, any difficult word reſembling a Latin or Greek one, is derived from the Gaelic; and if we may credit their reſearches, the Gaelic dialects of Scotland and Ireland are older than either of theſe languages. Etymological diſcuſſions are generally devoid of intereſt, and ſuch is the manner in which they have been conducted, that they are often devoid of uſe. Yet to a perſon who accurately examines the Gaelic poems of Smith, and the fragments of Macpherſon, with the other Iriſh and Scottiſh books which belong to this language, it cannot fail to be a natural obſervation, that not merely a few words, but even half the body of the dialect, is evidently of Latin or Teutonic origin. We know that the Danes poſſeſſed themſelves of the weſtern Iſles and Ireland, at an early period. The age in which the *Pechts*, a Norwegian, or what is the

ſame with reſpect to language, a German tribe, ſettled in Caledonia, is unknown through want of records. The Belgae, from the Rhine, colonized or rather ſubdued the whole Eaſt of Britain, and South of Ireland, before the deſcent of the Romans. The language of theſe tribes, from the rock of Spitzbergen to the coaſts of the Cimmerian Boſporus, is accurately known to have been Gothic or Teutonic; a mother tongue which, from the conquering ſpirit of thoſe who ſpoke it, was to exterminate or debaſe even the language of Rome. That the Celtæ, or Gauls, a race of people who inhabited all the weſtern kingdoms of Europe, before the arrival of the Germans, ſpoke a diſtinct language of their own, is highly probable, but that language no longer exiſts. Many Celtic words undoubtedly remain, in the corrupted dialects of Ireland and Scotland, as well as to a certain extent the ancient grammatical ſtructure; but the maſs of the dialect evidently ſhows that the purity of the Celtic, ſo often the ſubject of national vanity, is entirely imagination.

Let us however examine how this may be proved. It muſt not be deduced from a ſmall parcel of terms or technical words, which muſt occaſionally creep into the current of any language; but from words which are neceſſary in the very infancy of communication, and ſo common that they are never wanting in the rudeſt dialect; nor ſo long out of actual uſe as to be ſupplanted by others. If we look into the Gothic goſpels of Ulphilas, we may ſee not a ſingle ſentence intelligible to a German or a Dane. Yet on conſidering the words in the old and the modern dialects, they ſtill appear to be the ſame, an antiquated form and ſhade of change in the particular meaning, being all the difference. But attend to the language of the Fingalians. It appears as much corrupted with Latin and Teutonic, as Engliſh Teutonic or Saxon is with French. This is not the caſe in words denoting objects of modern introduction only; theſe might be attributed to the adulterations of oral tradition; but in words of which the heroes themſelves, had Oſſian lived beyond the Daniſh invaſions, or even beyond the converſion to Chriſtianity, would have been totally ignorant. Mr Laing has ſatisfactorily pointed out abundance of theſe, in the ſhort fragment called the Dream of Malvina. Curioſity may diſcover ſeveral thouſands more, all of them vocables eſſential to the language in peruſing the Iriſh or Gaelic books. As ſtandard words in the dictionary take the following, which are ſo neceſſary to communication, that they cannot be wanted in any nation.

*Gaelic*, Neul. *Lat.* Nebula; a cloud. *G.* Dorcha. *Sax.* Dark. *G.* Fear. Vir; a man. *G.* Spiorad; ſpirit. Airm; arma. *G.* Luirich, lorica. *G.* Corp; corpus. *G.* Anam; animus. *G.* Mile; mille. *G.* Mathair; Mater. *G.* Bogha; a bow. *S.* Bog. *G.* Lûb; loop. *G.* Faoin; vanus. *G.* Faondra'; wandering. *G.* Scuaban; *S.* to ſweep, in ſea dialect; a ſwabber. *G.* Aradh; arare; ar; plowing. *G.* Baile; villa. *G.* Mor: large, corrupted from the Daniſh moe and more. Beg; little, for the Teutonic, weg, in Scotch, *wee*. *G.* Leathan; broad, from latus.

But before we proceed to give more examples, it may be proper to obſerve, that both the Iriſh and Scottiſh dialects of the Celtic have a natural tendency to reject difficult combinations of conſonants; and accordingly the words which they have borrowed from other languages are inſtantly diſfigured, and loſe the marks of their foreign original. This happens to be the caſe in all ſoft inarticulate dialects, as in the Italian, Greek, and French, where the ear is delighted, but the analogy deſtroyed. As inſtances of this, the

names

names Alexander, David, Holland, Dovenald, a Daniſh name; James; Paradiſe, &c. are ſtrangely corrupted into Alaſtair, Daibhi, pronounce Davy; Tolanta, Donuil, Seumas, Pàrras.

This *mollities oris* did not prevail ſo extenſively in the ancient language. The numerous liſt of uſeleſs conſonants, which are found in the words of the old Iriſh MSS. is a ſufficient proof of this fact; and theſe muſt ſtill continue to be the fitteſt guides of a Celtic philologiſt, when he is not diſpoſed to ſet all rules at defiance. The hardy combinations of the Teutonic, whether introduced by the Danes or the Saxons, melted away in the Gaelic mouth, as the vigour of the Latin did among the Celts in France, into words of the following appearance. *Gaelic.* Leigh. *Sax.* Laec; leech; a phyſician. *G.* Ruadh. *S.* red; ruddig; ruddy. *G.* Samhail. *Lat.* Similis. *G.* Samhla'; an apparition; ſimilitudo. *G.* Saighead. *L.* Sagitta. *G.* Ramh; ramus; an oar. *G.* Freamh. *S.* Fruma; a root. *G.* Fuath; feod; *S.* A feud; a hatred, from feo a foe. *G.* Fal: a fold. *S.* Fald. *G.* Eanas; Angus: the Daniſh Hungus. *G.* Ruari; the Daniſh Roderic. *G.* Eagal; fear; from *S.* Eaga; awe; dread. *G.* Dus; duſt. *S.* duſt. *G.* Dreach. *S.* Træc; in old Engliſh, trick; the features, *G.* Drogha; a long line; from *S.* Draghan; to draw a draught. *G.* Deilg; a ſtub or thorn, from *S.* Dolg. *G.* Dean; to do; *S.* Don; to do. *G.* Bidh; to be, and its parts from the Teutonic, beon to be. The prepoſitions and adverbs ann, cia, neamh, or neo' do, agus, ain, comh or co', eidar, anns, an mhaiddin, andiugh, far, andiugh, eile, are literally in ſenſe and ſound from an, or in, a Teutonic; from qui, quæ, quid, and from non, in Latin; do is the Saxon to, and agus, aec or eke; ain is the prepoſition un; comh is con; eidar inter; an a mhaidin, in the matin or morning; andiugh, to-day; from an in and diugh, dies; far is the word *where*, for the Celts change *w* into *f* or any conſonant which reſembles it. So fás, to grow, from wax, the old Saxon; fiadh, the German vieh; fidhigh to weave; fior, verus, fios, wiſe; from wetan or weſan, to know; fraoch, *wroght*, wrath, feart, virtus, &c. &c. Eile is the Latin alius.

The pronouns mi, tu, e and i; the article an; the interrogative cia, co, ciod, or ceud; the demonſtratives ſo, and ſin; are the northern, me, thou, he, ſhe; the numeral an or one, as in Engliſh; the Latin qui, and the Gothic article ſo, which may be found as a pronoun relative or demonſtrative in moſt of the Teutonic dialects. The names of numbers are plain corruptions from the Latin or Teutonic, and create no difficulty.

After theſe examples, the originality of the modern Celtic dialects will appear very doubtful. But ſtill it would too much reſemble the raſh etymology of the day, to condemn a language from theſe inſtances. *Half the vocabulary may eaſily be treated in the ſame manner;* and if we conſider that the moſt part of Ireland and the north of Scotland have been conquered by the Danes in later times, that the Pechts or Caledonians who oppoſed Agricola were evidently of German origin, and that the Teutonic dialects invaded the Celtic from all quarters, it will excite no ſurprize. The Welch, with all its pretended antiquity, is full of corrupted Latin. The Celtic origin of the moſt noted Highland families is as imaginary as the antiquity of their preſent dreſs. The Macdonalds Macleans, Macphersons, Camerons, and many other ancient chieftains of clans, are of Daniſh extraction; and acquired thoſe poſſeſſions with their ſwords. The true manner of inveſtigating the ancient hiſtory of the Britiſh Iſlands having been pointed out by Pinkerton, it will be entirely ſuperfluous

fluous to obſerve, that the manners of Fingal and his heroes are incompatible with the hiſtorical truth of all ſavage ſociety; and the names themſelves, however common, make no figure in the authentic annals of Scotland. The Iriſh origin of Fingal ſeems to be unqueſtionable; his adventures, magic, proweſs and chivalry, all indicate the ſuperſtition of his age; the Scottiſh hero of Macpherſon and Smith is the fineſt abſtraction of a civilized country, and a taſte improved by the correction of ſcience.

The Gaelic romances and ballads of both Ireland and Scotland, like thoſe of all uncivilized nations, have many wild and beautiful paſſages, the ſallies of untutor'd genius, and the natural feelings of paſſion. Theſe furniſhed the *materia poetica* of all our Oſſianic tranſlations, ſelected by men of taſte who had read the Greek, Latin, and modern poets, and who had derived their knowledge from reſources which no barbarous author can command. Macpherſon, as all ſtudents of his profeſſion and opportunities are, was certainly very little read in old Iriſh MSS. He drew his fable of Fingal from the old trivial Iriſh ballads on the plan of our vulgar rhymes of Arthur and his knights, &c. very common over all the north. A true copy of many of theſe may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1783, received from the mouth of Macnab, a blackſmith at Dalmaly; and one in particular (the dialogue between Oſſian and the clerk, i. e. St Patrick) gives the whole ſtory of Macpherſon Fingal, the addition of Cuchullin being excepted, in very lame and ridiculous verſe. Theſe are genuine Gaelic traditions; the poetry and manners are ſuitable to a barbarous age; and Oſſian, who ſwears that he will cut off Patrick's head for preſuming to compare his hymns with our poet's verſes, is a much more probable character than the minſtrel of Cona. Fingal's troops obſerve the landing of a numerous fleet; Fergus is ſent to reconnoitre; Manos M'Gara, (which M'Pherſon changed into another popular name, Gara M'Starn, in his tranſlation,) Swaran the ſon of Starno furiouſly demands the wife of Fingal and his dog Bran; Fergus defies him, and returns to the army: the chiefs allot among themſelves Gara, Iarl Mudan, king Terman, and the other heroes of the Daniſh hoſt; Finn, Gall, Oſcar, Oſſian, &c. each chooſing out one or more for engagement; and as they had a night to ſpend before the attack, one of thoſe nights which Macpherſon ſpends ſo nobly by the blazing pine, amid the feaſt of ſhells and the ſong of bards, our real Oſſian aſſures the Saint, in v. 30. "Noiche ſin duinne, &c. From night to day we ſeldom wanted muſic; a wide houſe, wine, and wax were what we uſed to have when we drank." Day arrives, Manos, i. e. Magnus, leads up his hoſt; Fingal's ſun-beam or ſtandard is rear'd; they fight: Finn and Manos meet and engage furiouſly, till Manos is taken and bound. Manos is kindly diſmiſſed to his own country, and Oſſian concludes with a reflection far different from that in the tranſlations: "Myſelf, my father, and Gall, were the three that had moſt children amongſt our heroes, though we are now *without ſtrength*, liſtening to clergymen's orders." The ſtory of Bran, of Dermid and the boar, and ſeveral others, appear in the ſame book as they originally exiſted; naked, ſilly, and abſurd, with here and there a ſun-beam of poetry, which might be found in every ſimilar compoſition. The prayer of Oſſian, p. 490, is a ſingular trait of the ſavage ſtate, and highly in character. St Patrick tells Oſſian, that his boaſted heroes, his father, his Oſcar, and Gaul, were for certain damned, as being heathens. Oſſian replies, that one battle of theſe heroes was greater than the Saint and his God

God of worſhip together; and that Fingal was not born to ſerve God, the clerk, and his ſchool. Patrick continues to aſſure him that he was bound in hell. If the children of Morni, (ſaid the ſavage, like another Clovis,) and the many tribes of the children of Ovi were yet alive, we would force the brave Fingal out of hell, or the habitation ſhould be our own!!

Theſe compoſitions are of Iriſh origin, and as the language is very impure, like all the Gaelic of modern times, they cannot be elder than the fifteenth century. Similar ſtories may be found in Iriſh MSS. written in a proſaic manner, of much higher date, and equal merit. The phraſeology of Smith's *originals* is far more unexceptionable, as it is evident there was more reaſon and ability to improve it. On theſe meagre ſkeletons the tranſlators ſuperinduced what beauties they pleaſed, firſt preparing the Engliſh from the ſtores of ancient and modern claſſics, Dr Smith taking care to quote the Greek, Latin, or Engliſh authors, by way of notes, while Macpherſon boldly challenged a competition with the poets which he had pillaged. The Engliſh verſion of both is much ſuperior to their originals; the licence they indulge on the ſcore of improvement is without bounds: for example, "Cuthullin nan carbad; Cuthullin of the chariot, becomes with them the *carborne* Cuthullin & uaimh choſach nan reulta ſoilliſe;" clefty cave of the ſhining ſtars, "the cave in which they hide their *trembling* beauty." Thouſands of ſimilar alterations for the better might be given. Their Gaelic is ſimple, full of Engliſh idioms, and Teutonic or even Engliſh or Latin vocables; while their Engliſh verſion is enriched with every beauty of our language and poetry. Their merit as poets, had they been the inventors of thoſe ſentiments and images they have collected, would have been very great indeed; but every body knows, that to pillage original writers is merely a mechanical operation. Oſſianic poetry is on this principle far more eaſy than common novel writing; their ſtyle laid them under no conſtraint, and having the ideas before them, they preſented us with a *paraphraſe*. Homer, and Shakeſpeare, and Milton, were inventors who would have ſcorned the arts of the eighteenth century. The Gaelic verſe of theſe poems is not ſetter'd by rhyme, and, according to the manner of recital, may be poetry or proſe at your pleaſure. Excepting the barrenneſs of the language, there were no difficulties to be ſurmounted. In the collection of modern Gaelic poems, publiſhed by Macdonald, there are many genuine ſpecimens of elegics in the manner of the Gaelic family poets.

There may be traced the ſwollen phraſeology which tinctures the Oſſianic tranſlations, and ſome particulars relating to verſification. The firſt piece Mhiann na Bhaird a fhuair aois, the Old Bard's Wiſh, is probably not very ancient, as it poſſeſſes a great deal too much of modern ſentiment; but the ſecond is a real antique, being probably as old as the year 1411. The title is 'Broſnuchadh catha roinaidh le Lachun-Moir-Macmhureach Albinnich do Dhomhnil a Jola Riodh Inſhagaill agus Eairla Rois; la machrich Cath Gariach, thugidh é June 11, 1411.' "War ſong compoſed by Lachlan Mor Macvurich the Scot, to Donald of the Iſles, Regulus or Prince of the Orkneys, and Earl of Roſs, for the day of the battle of Garioch*, fought 11th June 1411." The verſification of this poem is quite Scandinavian. The lines are ſhort; the Gothic alliteration is remarkable. It conſiſts of 74 lines, each of which in general contains two epithets beginning with the ſame letter. In the courſe of the poem it exhauſts the alphabet in couplets; the leading epithets

* Harlaw.

thets of which, for inſtance, begin with A, then the next couplet with B, and ſo forth. The words are antiquated, though of a date of yeſterday compared with the poems of Oſſian; many of them are to be found only in Iriſh MSS. of their own age, but not in the pages of Macpherſon or Smith. All this plainly ſhows the abſurdity of believing theſe compoſitions to be genuine. The poem begins in this manner,

A Clannibh Cuin Cuinhichibh
Cruas an am na h iorighila
Ga Arnich ga Arronta
Ga Athlif ga Allonta
Ga Beodha ga Baramhil
Ga Brioghor ga Buanf hergach
Ga Calama, &c. &c.

The other Elegies and Love ſongs preſent the epithets of our Oſſian mingled with ſtories of the pipes, whiſky, the chief's hall, ſnuff, the durks, guns, powder, targes, tartans, &c. of the modern Highlanders. Many lines are beautiful, but more abſurd and ſilly. The objects deſcribed are ſuch as muſt be deſcribed in every country where war, feudaliſm, and bravery, are added to poverty and ignorance. The Oſſianic deſcriptions of female beauty pleaſe us on account of their novelty, but among the natives they are mere common-places found in every ſong; and as trite as the roſe and the lily with us. In a very ordinary ballad in this collection, made by one John Beaton, on a girl, are the following lines:

'S ann mar chanach an t ſhleibh
Tha'n euchdag f hair mhnaidh
Gur gile u fuidh t aodach
No'n aoilian air ſnamh
Ghruaig dhearg mar na caoran, &c.

The riſing boſom of the maid is like the white down (canach) on the mountains; thou art whiter beneath thy robe, than the ſwan ſailing; thy cheek is ruddy as the wild berries, &c. A little below he calls her gheug uaſal gun chrine, dh'f has direach o lar; Gallant branch, or pine without blemiſh, that grows erect from the ground; and afterwards, 's tu reula nan oighin: thou art the ſtar of virgins. In another ſong a girl is called an geug maiſich nan roſg mall: the fair branch of the ſoft-rolling eye. The chieftains are often praiſed for every ſpecies of virtue; and the names of lions, hawks, eagles, are conferred upon them, with a long ſtring of epithets, many of which are new words coined on the ſpur of the occaſion. Fingal, Oſſian, and Oſcar, are often uſed as compariſons for the heroes; and all in the Iriſh taſte. In ſhort, here are the germs of the Oſſianic ſtyle, as the tales above mentioned contain thoſe of the fables. I am not more certain of any fact, than that the language of Smith's poems is not even the idiom of the laſt century.

In the three firſt pages of his Lament of Gaul, there occur abundance of words, introduced by intercourſe with the Engliſh as well as with the Latin clergy in Ireland. For example, *ſuain*, ſleep, from ſomnus; *caomhainn*, calm, kind; *madain* matin caith, to decay, cadere being corrupted into this; lochrain, lucerna, a lamp; originally pronounced lukerna, dorſaidh, plain Engliſh *doors*, aon *one*, phaillun, pavillion for palace, beud, *bad*, harm, reuba' Sax. to reave, rufan and refan, adhar, *air*, chaidh Sax. gaed, went, aois *age*. Oſſian's heroes ſeem to have borrowed all their armour from the Romans, their *airm* are from arma; chloidhe, ſword from gladius, luirich, coat of mail, from lorica, their bogha's faighaid, bows and arrows, inſtruments they muſt have uſed before the exiſtence of that people, are from bog. Sax. and fagitta Latin. The iughair yew-tree, of which they were made, is the Saxon or Daniſh *iugh*, the ſtreang is the plain vocable ſtring, and ceir wax is cera. The heroes are not better lodged. Talla, their halls, of which Fingal had two or three of good maſonry, at a time when there was not a ſtone-houſe in the Highlands

lands, is a word derived from the Danish. Uinneog, a window, is the Scotch winnock, a diminutive of the English word; and dorus a door and túr a tower, are of the same extraction. The common words luidhe to lie, and leig to lean or lay; in the Saxlig; seasamh to sit, saile the salt water, dealacha' to deal or divide, sneachd snow, furtachd comfort, and ruith to rugh, speak for themselves. Yet these and hundreds more are frequent in beautiful descriptions, where the utmost power of art could not have inserted them as interpolations, or supplied their place with better. In short, the Gaelic language, as it at present exists, is a mixed impure dialect of the old Celtic, changed by conquest and foreign innovation; the poems said to be composed by the Gaelic bards, are such as no barbarous poet of the highest genius could conceive; the characters are the work of a polished imagination, and the fable, which has been held up as true history, is a continued fabrication of falsehoods. To have collected the wild ballads, and beautiful music of the North, which are in their natural state superior in value to those of any nation whatever, would have been a task highly worthy of industry and critical genius. But as affairs stand at present, every thing from that quarter which produces epic poems with as much ease as evidence, must deservedly be regarded with an eye of the keenest suspicion. We naturally believe a specious tale of the times of old, because we figure them to ourselves as days of perfection and happiness; we attribute to the savage pleasures which he never possesses, with faculties which he never cultivates, but our faith diminishes precisely in the inverse ratio of our knowledge, and the bubbles of imposture fall with contempt to the ground.

*Edinburgh,*
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SCRUTATOR.

*FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.*

## ON THE CRUELTY OF CONFINING BIRDS.

O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain their little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

BEATTIE.

IN a country where liberality and freedom so much abound, it is to be wondered at, that so many people delight in the cruel imprisonment of a race of the most harmless and beautiful animals. The singing birds of this country labour under a persecution to which few of the other animals are exposed. Torn from the society of their fellow-mates, they are confined to the unwholesome air of a room, and cooped up in the still narrower bounds of a little cage. Instead of ranging wild through their native fields, and making the woods ring with those notes which nature and which Heaven inspire, they mourn, in plaintive songs, their separation from their happy comrades; and languish out their life in a cruel confinement. They never taste the sweets of mutual love; never are happy in the enjoyment of the pleasures peculiar to their kind.

It is certainly cruel to deprive any animal of its liberty for our amusement or pleasure. Man should be the indulgent protector, not the cruel tyrant, of harmless innocence. If any race of animals deserve particular encouragement and protection, it is certainly due to the gentle musicians of the woods. What have they done to forfeit their protection and

and their liberty? What done to merit perſecution and impriſonment? Do they not feaſt our ears with the moſt agreeable muſic, when the full chorus of the woods is awake, and the thickets ring with the harmonious concert;

" ——— the jay, the rook, the daw,
" And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
" Aid the full concert; while the ſtock-dove breathes
" A melancholy murmur thro' the whole."

Can the mournful ſongs they chant in their confinement, or the artificial notes they may be taught to ſing, ever equal the wild melody and ſprightly vivacity of the grove? They never can.—Pity, then, O pity the innocent muſicians, who ſo agreeably entertain, ſo delicately charm. *Pity* them in their confinement, and ſet the little priſoners at liberty; for

" ——— pity is the beſt,
" The nobleſt paſſion of the human breaſt."

The paſſion of confining birds is carried to ſuch a height amongſt us, that many perſons earn a ſubſiſtence by catching and ſelling them. Theſe people, not content with robbing the neſts of the young, lay ſnares alſo to entrap the old; and many inſtances have occurred, of the little animals being ſo terrified on being taken, as to die inſtantly in their hands.

But theſe are not the only perſecutors of this gentle tribe. The hand of the "unfeeling ſchool-boy" robs many a tender mother of her young; and, not content with thus robbing them, their little neſts are often plundered before the eggs are hatched. The pleaſure ariſing from the pillage of the neſts at this ſeaſon cannot be great; indeed I can hardly conceive how any perſon can be ſo cruel. The eggs are for no uſe whatever; and taking them away can ſerve no purpoſe but the gratification of a cruel diſpoſition. Whatever be the motives which actuate theſe deſpoilers of this harmonious tribe, their actions are cruel to the feeling heart. The eagle or the vulture may have given occaſion for their perſecution; but what have the ſmall ſinging birds done to be treated in this manner? It is unworthy of the lord of creation, thus to tyrannize over a poor helpleſs animal, which does every thing to pleaſe, and can do nothing to offend him. Thomſon, the prince of paſtoral poets, bewails the cruelty of confining birds, in the following lines:

Be not the Muſe aſham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vig'rous warbles from the beach.
O then, ye Friends of Love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If in your boſom Innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or Piety perſuade.

Man is born for freedom, and he is more or leſs happy in proportion as he enjoys this invaluable bleſſing:

" 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's Iſle,
" And makes her barren rocks and her
" bleak mountains ſmile."

Let the generous Briton, then, enjoying all the ſweets of liberty—himſelf communicate the benefits of it to all around him. Let the linnets carol on the boughs, and the blackbird and the thruſh ſing their wild notes unmoleſted in the thicket. Let no poor animal pine in confinement for his gratification; nothing bear the face of ſlavery in his happy dwelling. To give liberty, indeed, to thoſe birds which may have been ſlaves to the caprice of men for years, would now be unavailing. They could no longer enjoy the bleſſing of freedom, of which they have been too long deprived; or which, perhaps, they never felt.

Cheriſh

Cheriſh, therefore, and render as agreeable as poſſible, the fate of theſe little warblers. But as you prize your own freedom, and would redeem it with your moſt precious effects, ſupply not their places, when their little throats are mute, from nature's powerful reſource; nor give ground for a more gentle or generous mind to reproach you, of having been the tyrant, and the deſpoiler of the liberty, of a harmleſs, innocent, and beautiful animal.

*Fingal.*

## HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Concluded from our laſt Number, p.* 452.]

THE great work of M. Lavater, as obſerved at the concluſion of our laſt, has excited no inconſiderable portion of attention in the literary world. The work itſelf is magnificent: that circumſtance, as well as the nature of the ſubject, which was ſuppoſed to be fanciful, have contributed to extend its fame; and certainly, if we may judge, the book, though many faults may be detected in it, is the moſt important of any that has appeared on the ſubject ſince the days of Ariſtotle. Lavater profeſſes not to give a complete ſynthetical treatiſe on phyſiognomy, but, aware that the ſcience is yet in its infancy, he exhibits fragments only illuſtrative of its different parts. His performance is no doubt deſultory and unconnected. It contains, however, many particulars, much ſuperior to any thing that had ever before appeared on the ſubject.

With the ſcholaſtic and ſyſtematic method adopted by the phyſiognomiſts of the laſt and preceding centuries, Lavater has rejected their manner of writing, which was dry, conciſe, indeterminate, and general: his remarks, on the contrary, are for the moſt part preciſe and particular, frequently founded on diſtinctions extremely acute. He has omitted entirely (as was to be expected from a writer of the preſent day) the aſtrological reveries, and ſuch like, which deform the writings of former phyſiognomiſts; and he has with much propriety deduced his phyſiognomical obſervations, but ſeldom from anatomical or phyſiological reaſoning. Such reaſoning may perhaps at ſome future period become important; but at preſent our knowledge of facts, although extenſive, is not ſo univerſal as to become the ſtable foundation of particular education. Lavater has illuſtrated his remarks by engravings; a method firſt adopted by Baptiſta Porta. Lavater's engravings are very numerous, often expreſſive, and tolerably executed.

The opinions of this celebrated phyſiognomiſt are evidently the reſult of actual obſervation. He appears indeed to have made the ſcience his peculiar ſtudy, and the grand purſuit of his life. His performance exhibits an extended comprehenſion of the ſubject, by a particular attention to the phyſiognomy of bones, and the effect of profiles and contours. His ſtyle in general is forcible and lively, although ſomewhat declamatory and digreſſive. His expreſſions are frequently preciſe, and ſtrikingly characteriſtic; and the ſpirit of piety and benevolence, which pervade the whole performance, render it highly intereſting.

The defects of the work, however, detract much from the weight which Lavater's opinions might otherwiſe challenge. His imagination has frequently ſo far outſtript his judgment, that an ordinary reader would often be apt to reject the whole ſyſtem as the extravagant reverie of an ingenious theoriſt. He has clothed his favourite

favourite ſcience in that affected myſterious air of importance, which was ſo uſual with his predeceſſors, and deſcribes the whole material world to be objects of the univerſal dominion of phyſiognomy. He whimſically conceives it neceſſary for a phyſiognomiſt to be a well-ſhaped handſome man. He employs a language which is often much too peremptory and deciſive, diſproportioned to the real ſubſtance of his remarks, or to the occaſion of making them. The remarks themſelves are frequently oppoſite in appearance to common obſervation, and yet unſupported by any illuſtrations of his.

Lavater certainly errs in beſtowing too great a reliance on ſingle features, as the foundation of deciſion on character. His opinions on the phyſiognomy of the ears, hands, nails, and feet, of the human ſpecies, on hand-writing, on the phyſiognomy of birds, inſects, reptiles, and fiſhes, are obviouſly premature, as hitherto no ſufficient number of accurate obſervations have been made, in regard to either of theſe particulars, to authorize any concluſion. He has erred in the oppoſite extreme, when treating of the important topic of national phyſiognomy, where he has by no means preſented the ſubject ſo far as facts might have warranted. We muſt further take the liberty to object to the frequent introduction of the author's own phyſiognomy throughout the courſe of his work. His ſingular remarks on his own face do not ſerve to prejudge the reader in favour of his judgment, however much his character may juſtify the truth of them. We muſt regret, likewiſe, for the credit of the ſcience, that the author's ſingularly fanciful theory of apparitions, ſhould ſo nearly reſemble a revival of the antiquated opinions of the ſympathiſts.

To theſe blemiſhes, which we have reluctantly enumerated, perhaps may be added that high impaſſioned tone of enthuſiaſm in favour of his ſcience, every where diſplayed throughout the work of this author, which is certainly very oppoſite to the cool patient inveſtigation befitting philoſophy. To that enthuſiaſm, however, it is probable that in this inſtance (as is, indeed, no unfrequent effect of enthuſiaſm) we are indebted for the excellency which the author has attained in his purſuit; and it poſſeſſes the ſalutary tendency of putting us on our guard againſt a too implicit acquieſcence in his phyſiognomical deciſions.

In the Berlin tranſactions for 1775, there appears a formal attack upon Lavater's work by Mr Formey. This eſſay we have already mentioned. After diſputing the propriety of the extenſive ſignification applied by Lavater and Parnetty, to the term *phyſiognomy*, M. Formey adopts nearly the ſame definition, which we conceive to be the moſt proper. He allows that the mental character is intimately connected with, and ſenſibly influenced by, every fibre of the body; but his principal argument againſt phyſiognomy is, that the human frame is liable to innumerable accidents, by which it may be changed in its external appearance, without any correſpondent change of the diſpoſition; ſo that it ſurpaſſes the extent of the ſkill of mortals to diſtinguiſh the modifications of feature, that are natural from thoſe that may be accidental. Although, therefore, the ſcience of phyſiognomy may be founded in truth, he infers that the Deity only can exerciſe it.

M. Formey further contends, that education, diet, climate, and ſudden emotions, nay, even the temperaments of anceſtors, affect the caſt of human features; ſo that the influence of mental character on thoſe features may be ſo involved with, or hidden by, accidental circumſtances, that the ſtudy of phyſiognomy muſt ever be attended by hopeleſs uncertainty.

Theſe

These objections are worthy of notice, but they are by no means conclusive.

We shall give a specimen of M. Lavater's manner of treating the subject on the opposite side of the question; a specimen, not in Lavater's precise words, but conveying more shortly an idea at once of his sentiments, and of his manner of expressing them.

No study, says he, excepting mathematics, more justly deserves to be termed a *science* than physiognomy. It is a department of physics, including theology and belles lettres, and in the same manner, with these sciences, may be reduced to rule. It may acquire a fixed and appropriate character; it may be communicated and taught. Truth or knowledge, explained by fixed principles, becomes science. Words, lines, rules, definitions, are the medium of communication. The question, then, with respect to physiognomy, will thus be fairly stated. Can the striking and marked differences which are visible between one human face, one human form, and another, be explained, not by obscure and confused conceptions, but by certain characters, signs, and expressions? Are these signs capable of communicating the vigour or imbecility, the sickness or health of the body; the wisdom, the folly, the magnanimity, the meanness, the virtue or vice, of the mind?

It is only to a certain extent that even the experimental philosopher can pursue his researches. The active and vigorous mind, employed in such studies, will often form conceptions which he shall be incapable of expressing in words, so as to communicate his ideas to the feebler mind, which was itself unable to make the discovery; but the lofty, the exalted mind, which soars beyond all written rule, which possesses feelings and energies reducible to no law, must be pronounced unscientific.

It will be admitted, then, that to a certain degree physiognomical truth, may as a science be defined and communicated. Of the truth of the science there cannot exist a doubt. Every countenance, every form, every created existence, is individually distinct, as well as different, in respect of class, race, and kind. No one being in nature is precisely similar to another. This proposition, in so far as regards man, is the foundation-stone of physiognomy. There may exist an intimate analogy, a striking similarity, between two men, who yet, being brought together, and accurately compared, will appear to be remarkably different. No two minds perfectly resemble each other. Now, is it possible to doubt, that there must be a certain native analogy between the exernal varieties of countenance and form, and the internal varieties of the mind? By anger the muscles are rendered protuberant: are not, then, the angry mind, and the protuberant muscles, as cause and effect? The man of acute wit has frequently a quick and lively eye. Is it possible to resist the conclusion, that between such a mind and such a countenance there is a determinate relation?

Every thing in nature is estimated by its physiognomy; that is, its external appearance. The trader judges by the colour, the fineness, the exterior, the physiognomy of every article of traffic: and he at once decides that the buyer 'has an honest look,' or 'a pleasing or forbidding countenance.'

That knowledge and science are detrimental to man, that a state of rudeness and ignorance are preferable and productive of more happiness, are tenets now deservedly exploded. They do not merit serious opposition. The extension and increase of knowledge, then, is an object of importance to man; and what object can be so important as the knowledge of man himself? If knowledge can influence his happiness, the knowledge

of himſelf muſt influence it the moſt. This uſeful knowledge is the peculiar province of the ſcience of phyſiognomy. To conceive a juſt idea of the advantages of phyſiognomy, let us for a moment ſuppoſe that all phyſiognomical knowledge were totally forgotten among men; what confuſion, what uncertainty, what numberleſs miſtakes, would be the conſequence? Men deſtined to live in ſociety muſt hold mutual intercourſe. The knowledge of man imparts to this intercourſe its ſpirit, its pleaſures, its advantages.

Phyſiognomy is a ſource of pure and exalted mental gratification. It affords a view of the perfection of the Deity; it diſplays a new ſcene of harmony and beauty in his works; it reveals internal motives, which, without it, would only have been diſcovered in the world to come. The phyſiognomiſt diſtinguiſhes accurately the permanent from the habitual, the habitual from the accidental, in character. Difficulties, no doubt, attend the ſtudy of this ſcience. The moſt minute ſhades, ſcarcely diſcernable to the unexperienced eye, denote often total oppoſition of character. A ſmall inflexion, diminution, lengthening or ſharpening, even though but a hair's breadth, may alter in an aſtoniſhing degree the expreſſion of countenance and character. How difficult then, how impoſſible indeed, muſt this variety of the ſame countenance render preciſion? The ſeat of character is often ſo hidden, ſo maſked, that it can only be detected in certain, perhaps uncommon, poſitions of countenance. Theſe poſitions may be ſo quickly changed, the ſigns may ſo inſtantaneouſly diſappear, and their impreſſion on the mind of the obſerver may be ſo ſlight, or theſe diſtinguiſhing traits themſelves ſo difficult to ſeize, that it ſhall be impoſſible to paint them or deſcribe them in language. Innumerable great and ſmall accidents, whether phyſical or moral, various incidents and paſſion, the diverſity of dreſs, of poſition, of light or ſhade, tend to diſplay the countenance often in ſo diſadvantageous a point of view, that the phyſiognomiſt is betrayed into an erroneous judgment of the true qualities of the countenance and character. Such cauſes often occaſion him to overlook the eſſential traits of character, and to form a deciſion on what is purely accidental. How ſurpriſingly, for inſtance, may the ſmallpox diſfigure the countenance, and deſtroy or confound, or render imperceptible, traits otherwiſe the moſt deciſive?

We ſhall, then, continues Lavater, grant to the oppoſer of phyſiognomy all he can aſk; and yet we do not live without hopes that many of the difficulties ſhall be reſolved, which at firſt appear inexplicable. He then proceeds to a ſpecific illuſtration of his ſubject under a great variety of titles, in which he treats of human nature in general, and of each particular feature ſeparately. To enumerate the different diviſions of his book, would not in this place be more ſatisfactory than a peruſal of the contents of the book itſelf; and an attempt to epitomize even the eſſential ſubſtance of the vaſt multiplicity of matter contained in his eſſays, (which are yet only *fragments*, and to which, indeed he himſelf does not pretend to give any higher appellation) would extend this article to an unneceſſary length. Such an abridgement, after all, would convey no ſolid information on a ſubject, which merits all the time and ſtudy that an attentive peruſal of Lavater's works at large would require.

From this ſhort hiſtory of the literary progreſs of phyſiognomy, it appears, that although the ſcience has fallen into diſrepute, there can ſcarcely be mentioned a period in which any cultivation of ſcience took place, when phyſiognomy was not likewiſe the ſtudy, nay, ſometimes, even the

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profeſſion, of men of the moſt eminent abilities and the greateſt learning.

The reaſons why at preſent ſo little attention is paid to the ſubject probably are:

Firſt, That it has been treated in conjunction with ſubjects now, with propriety, exploded; and ſecondly, That it has been injured by the injudicious aſſertions and arguments of thoſe who have undertaken its defence.

Sometimes, however, the wiſe and learned may err. The uſe of any thing muſt not be rejected for no better reaſon, than that it is capable of abuſe. Perhaps the time is not diſtant when the phyſiognomy ſhall be reinſtated in the rank which ſhe merits among the valuable branches of human knowledge, and be ſtudied with that degree of attention and perſeverance which, a ſubject deſerves ſo eſſentially connected with the ſcience of man.

That there is an intimate relation between the diſpoſitions of the mind, and the features of the countenance is a fact which cannot be queſtioned. He who is ſinking under a load of grief, for the death of an affectionate wife or a dutiful child, has a very different caſt of features from the man who is happy in the proſpect of meeting his miſtreſs. A perſon boiling with anger has a threatning in his countenance, which the moſt heedleſs obſerver never miſtakes; and if any particular diſpoſition be indulged till it become habitual, there cannot be a doubt but that the correſponding traces will be ſo fixed in the face, as to be diſcernible by the ſkilful phyſiognomiſt, under every effort made to diſguiſe them. But when we attempt to decide on a man's intellectual powers by the rules of this ſcience, we are often deceived; and in this reſpect we have reaſon to believe that Lavater himſelf has fallen into the groſſeſt miſtakes. *E. B.*

## INTERESTING PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE IMMENSE DEPREDATIONS COMMITTED ON THE RIVER THAMES.

[*From Mr Colquhoun's Treatiſe on River Police.*]

MR Colquhoun divides the various ſpecies of depredators on the river Thames into ten claſſes, under the following heads.

*I. River Piracy.*

This ſpecies of depredation was carried on by the moſt deſperate and depraved claſs of the fraternity of nautical vagabonds, aided by receivers, who kept old iron and junk ſhops, in places adjacent to the river, ever ready to depoſit and to conceal the nocturnal plunder of theſe hoſtile marauders, who were generally armed and equipped with boats, either kept or ſtolen for the particular object they had in view.

It was the practice of theſe freebooters, to ſelect dark nights for committing depredations: having previouſly reconnoitered the river during the day, for the purpoſe of marking the particular ſhips, veſſels and craft, moſt likely to afford a prolific harveſt, either from the nature of the merchandize, ſtores, or materials, which were acceſſible, or from the circumſtance of their being without the protection of a nightly watch.

In a part where there are ſeldom leſs than 1000 ſhips and veſſels, lading and diſcharging valuable merchandize, and from 200 to 500 craft, in which a part of this merchandize is depoſited in its tranſit to or from the veſſels lying in the pool, it is eaſy to conceive how daring and audacious theſe miſcreants would become, unreſtrained by any police, or hazard of apprehenſion; emboldened by the force

force of their gangs, and the total want of a river guard. Well authenticated inſtances have been adduced of their cutting bags of cotton, and other valuables, from the quarters of ſhips on their firſt arrival; and even of their weighing anchors, and getting clear off with theſe heavy materials, together with the cables and every portable article upon the deck of a ſhip. One inſtance in particular occurred a few years ago, where an American and a Guernſey ſhip were plundered in this manner, by the actual removal both of anchors and cables, ultimately in the view of the maſters of the veſſels, who were alarmed time enough to get upon deck, to learn the fact from the pirates themſelves; who, as they rowed off, told them that they had got their anchors and cable, at the ſame time wiſhing them a good morning.

They are no leſs adroit with reſpect to lighters having cargoes on board, wherever they are, either unprotected, or where they are able to bribe or overawe the watch. Their practice has been to cut lighters with valuable cargoes a-drift, and to follow them until the tide carries them to convenient ſituations to be pillaged, and then to remove as much of the cargo as their ſtrength, and the opportunities they poſſeſs of concealment will admit. By ſuch means have the ponderous and bulky articles of tallow and hemp been plundered to a conſiderable extent; while the tackle, materials and ſtores, of veſſels of all dimenſions, have ſuffered ſeverely. Not ſeldom alſo have the portable packages landed ſhips under diſcharge, as well as bales, boxes, and trunks of merchandize, in their tranſit to outward-bound veſſels, been the ſubject of ſimilar attacks.

Previous to the war, this claſs of audacious plunderers was very numerous. The impreſs-ſervice diminiſhed them conſiderably, but unleſs the vigour of the preſent river-police ſyſtem is continued, and improved, they will become extremely formidable on return of peace.

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*II. Night Plunderers.*

This claſs is chiefly compoſed of gangs of the moſt diſſolute of the watermen, who prefer idleneſs to labour, and indulge in every kind of low extravagance. They are in general exceedingly depraved and audacious, and are all in connection with different receivers, ſome of whom are opulent. Being alſo in the practice of aſſociating with the ſtationary watchmen upon the lighters, and of ſeducing them over to their views, they have had abundant ſcope for carrying on their nefarious deſigns. Their depredations are chiefly confined to unprotected lighters, which are generally pointed out to them by watchmen, who are aſſociates in the ſame criminal purſuits, and ſhare in the booty. On diſcovering by this means where plunder is to be obtained, their practice has been to provide themſelves with a lug-boat, ſeized on for the purpoſe, to proceed to theſe unprotected lighters at midnight; and to remove ſuch parts of their cargoes as are acceſſible and portable: This they convey immediately to the place ſettled by the receiver, or criminal purchaſer, and there depoſit the ſpoil. One inſtance of this kind occurred in January 1799; when a gang of theſe miſcreants were detected in the act of lading a lug-boat with hemp, from a lighter near St. Catherine's. The hemp was ſecured, and one of the culprits at the ſame time apprehended by the Marine Police Surveyors; this man, becoming afterward an evidence for the crown, developed a ſcene of iniquity which, from its nature and extent, attracted particular notice; eſpecially as the meaſures which theſe adepts in this ſpecies of river plunder reſorted to, appeared

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not to have been before enrolled in the catalogue of devices practiſed by ſuch criminals. It turned out on a full inveſtigation, that five boat loads of hemp, averaging about *fifteen hundred weight each*, had been ſtolen in the courſe of a few weeks, and conveyed through London-bridge to Ranelagh creek; two of which were ſold to a twine ſpinner in that neighbourhood. Three of the five boat loads were carted down in the day-time openly to the warehouſe of a receiver in the city; while the other two were conveyed up to a wharf, near the premiſes of the ſame receiver, and delivered by the thieves themſelves, with every appearance of its being a fair tranſaction, and without any ſuſpicion being excited to the contrary; although the goods were actually ſtolen the night before.

The mode, however, which is practiſed in conveying theſe articles, differs according to the nature of the goods which are ſtolen. While in ſome caſes delinquents are leſs liable to detection, from the great extent of the metropolis, in removing their plunder to the repoſitories of the receiver in open day; ſo in others, where articles are ſubject to ſeizure by officers of the revenue, a nocturnal expedition is planned. The fraudulent purchaſer is apprized of the deſign. He remains up during the night, with open doors, ready to receive his aſſociates in criminality. The watchmen in the tract through which he is to paſs, being generally his neighbours, or perhaps under his immediate influence and controul, are ſeduced by a ſmall gratuity to allow the ſmuggling tranſaction to paſs unnoticed, and the plunder is, by this means, ſecured in its tranſit, and is ſpeedily out of the reach of danger.

In the month of October 1798, a lighter was robbed of five caſks of American aſhes, of the value of 50l. and upward, which were carried at midnight in bags to the houſe of an opulent receiver, who ſat up two different nights to receive the booty. He renumerated the thieves, by paying them about a quarter of the value, beſide regaling them with a ſupper and liquor. The watchman received half a crown for his civility in taking no notice of the tranſaction.

In addition, however, to the plunder of the lighters, there has for a conſiderable time exiſted a moſt extenſive and alarming ſyſtem of depredation upon the cargoes of outward-bound ſhips, in various ways, by this claſs of river thieves. Here the amount of the plunder is by no means the moſt ſerious evil; for in addition to the loſs of property, which the ſhip-maſters are always obliged to make good, they frequently at the ſame time have an undeſerved ſtigma fixed upon their characters, productive of conſequences the moſt calamitous to themſelves and families, as they are unjuſtly diveſted of the truſt repoſed in them, and thereby deprived of the very means of ſubſiſtence.

Not long ſince, a boat with two trunks of printed muſlins of conſiderable value, was overtaken and ſeized about midnight, together with two of theſe nightly plunderers, by the marine police ſurveyors. On examination before the magiſtrates, it appeared, that one of the culprits had entered as a mariner for the voyage on board the veſſel, merely for the purpoſe of affording him the means of plundering the cargo while in the progreſs of ſtowage. With this evil intention in his mind, he placed the two trunks in queſtion in an acceſſible ſituation, cloſe to the foreſcuttle, the key of which (for it was always locked in the night) he took on ſhore during the day to the receiver, who had agreed to purchaſe the booty when procured. The receiver got a ſimilar key made; the original being returned to the place where it uſually hung in the binacle, early in the after-

afternoon, to prevent ſuſpicion. A little before midnight, the two thieves went on board, opened the ſcuttle-hatch, with the key which the receiver had procured to be made, and the two trunks being placed in a ſituation to be handed up at once, they were removed into the boat without diſcovery; and the property would probably have never been heard of, had there not at the time been a vigilant guard upon the river.

One of the priſoners made a candid confeſſion, and ſtated various other robberies which had been committed by ſimilar devices. In the courſe of his examination, he mentioned a particular ſhip, from which he and others had taken property to a conſiderable amount. A gentleman preſent at the time, immediately mentioned that he perfectly recollected the circumſtance, and the unhappy conſequences attending the robbery; for the unfortunate maſter, who now appeared to have been perfectly innocent, loſt both his ſituation and his character.

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III. *Night Plunderers, denominated Light Horſemen.*

Among the various claſſes of depredators in the Weſt India trade in the port of London, thoſe denominated *Light Horſemen*, ſeem to have been by far the moſt pernicious, inaſmuch as the pillage they obtained, by the variety of their artful practices, was generally extenſive and valuable.

The receivers who reſide in the vicinity of the river, on both ſides, were the chief leaders in this peculiar ſyſtem of plunder; and it was always carried on by the connivance of the mate and revenue officers, in conſequence of a preconcerted plan, and agreement to pay them a certain ſum of money for the liberty of opening and removing from ſuch caſks and packages, as were acceſſible, as much ſugar, coffee, and other articles, as could be conveyed away in four or five hours during the dead of the night. For ſuch a licence to plunder, from twenty to thirty guineas *per* night were uſually paid to the mate and revenue officers, who generally went to bed, while the miſchief was going forward, that they might not ſee it.

Theſe infamous proceedings were carried on according to a regular ſyſtem.—The gangs denominated *Light horſemen*, were generally compoſed of one or more receivers, together with coopers, watermen, and lumpers, who were all neceſſary in their different occupations, to the accompliſhment of theſe iniquitious deſigns. They went on board completely prepared with iron crows, adzes, and other utenſils, to open and again head-up the caſks, with ſhovels to take out the ſugar, and a number of bags made to contain 100lb. each. Theſe bags were denominated *black ſtrap*; having been previouſly died black, to prevent their being ſeen in the night, when ſtowed in the bottom of a wherry.

The different members of the gang had each a peculiar province aſſigned. The receivers generally furniſhed the money neceſſary to bribe the officers and mate in the firſt inſtance, and alſo provided the *black ſtrap*. The watermen procured as many boats as were wanted. The lumpers unſtowed the caſks in the hold. The coopers took out the heads, and all hands afterwards aſſiſted in filling the bags, diſpatching one boat after another to an appointed place, and making the beſt uſe of the infamous licence they had purchaſed, in removing as large a quantity of property as could be carried off by the utmoſt exertions of exceſſive labour; which ſeldom amounted to leſs than the value of from 150l to 200l a night. It has been ſtated upon oath, in the courſe of judicial proceedings, that in the progreſs of the delivery of a ſhip, from

from ten to fifteen tons of ſugar have been removed by theſe nocturnal expeditions, excluſive of what was obtained by the lumpers during the day, which was always exceſſive and uncontrolled wherever night plunder had taken place. This indulgence was generally inſiſted on and granted to lumpers, to prevent their making diſcoveries of what they called, the *drum hogsheads*, which they found in the hold on going to work in the morning; by which is underſtood, hogſheads from which one-ſixth or one-fourth of the contents had been taken out the night preceding.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

*FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.*

## A COTTAGE TALE.

——Even ſo, a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot, amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heav'n,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all. THOMSON'S SPRING.

IT was about the middle of September, after a day of parching heat, the evening being cool and agreeable tempted me to fly from the buſtle of the ſtreets, and to take a view of the ſurrounding ſcenery of London. A number of ideas crouding into my mind, and the delightful calmneſs of the evening being favourable for reflection, I had wandered a great way from the town before I conſidered that the night was approaching, and it was time to return. I beheld before me a few ſtraggling cottages at the foot of a hill, which ſeemed at no great diſtance; I deliberated a little whether I ſhould proceed to the cottages and ſtay there all night, or return home. I was yet undetermined, when I beheld a little girl approaching me. I reſolved to wait till ſhe came up to me, and inquire of her my way. When ſhe came near me, I ſaw in her face marks of uncommon beauty and ſweetneſs, yet a melancholy languor ſat upon her lovely countenance and ſhowed an afflicted heart. I aſked her how far it was to the cottages at the foot of the hill? "about two miles, Sir," replied ſhe: "how far am I from London then, my dear?" "rather more than three miles, Sir," ſaid ſhe: "and where are you going, my child?" ſaid I: "I am going to London, Sir, with this little parcel for my aunt, and I am much afraid it will be very dark before I get there, but I muſt juſt walk as faſt as I can, for my aunt will wonder at my being ſo late; if you are going to yonder cottages, Sir, the neareſt way is by the ſide of the corn field, and the firſt one you will come to is my father's; you will ſee him ſtanding at the door, or ſome of my brothers or ſiſters, and they will direct you to any of the other cottages you wiſh to go to." Here ſhe again told me to go by the corn field, then walked away as faſt as ſhe could. I ſtood for ſome minutes after ſhe was gone, in wonder and amazement, yet delighted beyond expreſſion with her intereſting countenance and engaging prattle. Ah! thought I, this little girl is a perfect pattern of peace, unſuſpecting innocence, and contentment: each morning finds her cheerful and happy, and when the labours of the day are over, the evening is employed in innocent amuſements, and night ſweetens her pillow for repoſe. While I indulged theſe reflections, I drew near the cottage of the little girl, which was delightfully ſituated upon a riſing ground; two large trees ſheltered it from the keen northern blaſt, while the woodbine and the roſe twined around it: before the door was a green ſeat, upon which ſat the father of the little girl; five children, all of them leſs than the girl I met in coming, played around him. I ſtood a moment to obſerve his countenance, it was dejected and full of care, he leaned his head upon his hand, and ſeemed indifferent about every thing that was going on.

He ſeemed but a middle aged man,

yet care and anxiety had wrinkled his brow; but it added an intereſt to his manly and expreſſive countenance: I ſaw one of his little boys, who obſerving that his father was not attending to him as he uſed to do, came running up to him, and looking wiſtfully in his face, ſhowed him the plaything he held in his hand, then tried to make him ſpeak, but in vain; his father had been thinking upon ſome afflicting part of his life; and to ſee his babe, thus forcing him to be cheerful, ignorant of the cauſe of his grief, afflicted him ſtill more, ſo that he was obliged to turn away his face from the child, to hide the ſtarting tear. Alas, thought I, this man muſt be in great affliction, I ſhould wiſh much to know his ſtory, but I am afraid it would affect him too much to relate it, therefore I cannot aſk him, eſpecially as I am an entire ſtranger to him, but I will ſtep into his cottage and enquire if I can get a lodging there to-night. While I reaſoned thus with myſelf, he had withdrawn from the ſeat and gone into the houſe. I followed him immediately, and found him in a neat little apartment, ſitting near a large fire, with his eyes gazing intently upon it, endeavouring as it were, to trace in it the perſons of thoſe dear friends he was then thinking upon: ſo deeply was he engaged with theſe thoughts, that it was a few moments before he perceived me, then ſtarting from his reverie, he fixed a look of ſurprize and aſtoniſhment upon me; inquired of me where I came from, and what chance had directed me to his humble cottage? Pardon my intruſion, ſaid I, I am an inhabitant of London, who was tempted with the uncommon beauty of this evening, to take a walk out of town, and having wandered too far to return home to-night, I have taken the liberty of enquiring if I can get a lodging here: "ſit down, Sir," ſaid he, "you are welcome to ſtay with me, provided you can make yourſelf happy in this cottage, and with my frugal fare, for I muſt be frugal. I have a large family, and it is my duty to provide for them till ſuch time as they ſhall be able to provide for themſelves; I have juſt another little girl, older than any of thoſe, but ſhe is at London to-night; though ſhe is but twelve years old, ſhe helps me greatly in the management of the family, and in ſome meaſure conſoles me for the loſs of her amiable mother, as I rejoice to ſee any of her children that reſemble her; yet I am unhappy when I look upon my little innocents, and behold them ſo ſoon bereft of an invaluable parent." Here he heaved a deep ſigh, and remained for ſome moments ſilent; then ſaid, "converſing about my wife, I could ſpend days, but why do I trouble you with my afflictions; it is growing late, I muſt order the maid to prepare ſome ſupper for us, and afterwards you will retire to reſt." When we had finiſhed our ſimple repaſt, he ſeemed again inclined to converſe about his misfortunes, which inclination I encouraged. "I ſee Sir," ſaid he, "you are affected at my melancholy ſituation, I will now drop the unpleaſant ſubject, although (if my ſpirits would allow me,) the relation of my ſad ſtory might not be unuſeful to you in after life." I again expreſſed my deſire to hear it, if it would not be too painful to him. "Well, Sir," ſaid he, "though it is now late, my children are in bed, and it is the only time I can ſpare for ſo long and painful a taſk." Having thus ſaid, he drew his chair nearer mine and thus began:

"I was born in a ſmall village in the weſt of Scotland. My father was the only ſon of a wealthy farmer; at his death he got poſſeſſion of a large fortune, with which he was not ſatisfied, and he immediately ſet about means to encreaſe it; for this purpoſe, he purchaſed ſome veſſels, with which he traded to foreign countries, and in the courſe of a few years, he had added very conſiderably to his fortune. In one of his voyages he became acquainted with my mother, who was an Engliſh woman, young, beautiful, and accompliſhed, but without fortune; a matter (which one would have thought) and which he ſoon thought himſelf, ought to have weighed much more with him. What had attracted them to each other I never could learn; for there was nothing ſimilar in their habits or diſpoſitions; my mother had a frank ingenuous temper, but thoughtleſs and extravagant in the management of her family affairs; my father's heart was cold and contracted, of a ſuſpicious and diſtruſtful temper, and parſimonious in the extreme: judge then if ſuch an union could be happy, of ſouls ſo little in uniſon with each other. About nine months after my father's marriage, he ſuffered a great loſs at ſea, which ſunk deeply upon his ſpi-

vits, and determined him, though very reluctantly, to retire from buſineſs to a ſmall paternal eſtate he had in Scotland. It was now that he felt the want of my mother's fortune, which could have extricated him from this difficulty and ſet him a-going again upon the ſame extenſive plan; conſtantly brooding upon this misfortune helped to make his temper much worſe, ſo that my poor mother led a miſerable life with him. She had two ſons to him, of whom I was the eldeſt, my brother died in infancy. My father had not been married above four years when my mother's health began gradually to decline; the delicacy of her frame could not ſtand the conſtant anxiety and miſery that depreſſed her gentle heart, ſo the rude blaſt of misfortune ſwept her to an untimely tomb.

"My father appeared greatly concerned at her death; he began to pay particular attention to me, but, alas! he only began, for finding in me nothing that he liked, my diſpoſition being like my mother's, he ſoon neglected me altogether and reſumed his uſual ſeverity of temper. I now felt myſelf unhappy in my father's houſe, and I often wept when thinking of my mother. I did not uſe to be ſo treated while ſhe was alive, ſhe was always kind to me and cheriſhed me with fondneſs, all my little anxieties and cares found a place in her boſom: now I had no parent, I looked around, and ſaw none that cared for me. I was now about twelve years old. I had learned to read and write; of reading I was particularly fond, though nobody encouraged me in it; I eagerly ſeized every book I could get hold of: I had read of thoſe who were unhappy at home, and had left their father's houſe to ſeek their fortunes, and who by their good behaviour had gained themſelves friends and protectors in foreign countries. I was fired with this idea, and immediately reſolved to try my fortune on the ſtage of life.

"Early one morning I ſet off from my father's houſe without acquainting any body; I left it with little regret, for I had received ſuch ſlight marks of my father's affection, that I ſcarcely felt for him the affection of a child. Before I departed I ſhed ſome tears over my mother's grave, I quitted it with reluctance, and as long as the church-yard was in ſight, I turned me round to gaze upon the place of her duſt. Solitary and ſad I purſued my journey, with juſt as much money in my pocket as would carry me to the firſt town, where I hoped to find employment. I offered my ſervices to many, but they were always refuſed, for this reaſon, that nobody knew me, or would give me a character, and they were not fond of taking an entire ſtranger into their houſes; beſides they did not think I gave any good reaſon for my being in that helpleſs condition. However, chance directed me one day to the dwelling of a worthy man, who, though not in affluent circumſtances, his door was never ſhut againſt the poor and the wretched; he taught his children, and he himſelf experienced the numberleſs bleſſings which flow from acts of benevolence; the ſimple yet affecting tale of thoſe who had ſeen better days, never failed to be liſtened to with attention, their wrongs redreſſed, and their wants relieved; though he had not much to beſtow, it was never withheld from a brother in diſtreſs, but a ſigh would often eſcape from him becauſe he had not more to give. This is but a ſlight ſketch, Sir, of the character of the man under whoſe hoſpitable roof I received a ſhelter from the ſtorms of adverſity, which then threatened to overwhelm me. I could perceive in his intereſting countenance, (though age and care began to wrinkle his brow,) that cheerful good humour dwelt within his breaſt, the conſtant reward of an all-approving conſcience.

"When my ſlender detail was finiſhed, he expreſſed his concern for my forlorn ſituation, made me an offer of his friendſhip and protection as long as I continued to deſerve it. With an overflowing heart I thanked him again and again for his kindneſs and compaſſion, while I hoped I ſhould never be ſo ungrateful as to act in any way unworthy of his favour. Thus was I, from a deſtitute and helpleſs condition, received into a moſt agreeable family, treated with kindneſs by every member in it, and in a few weeks I had experienced more real friendſhip and affection than I had ever received from my father. My benefactor was a bookſeller; I was fond of reading, ſo I had a partiality for his profeſſion, and I ſoon became uſeful to him in the management of his ſhop. I was young and healthy, with ſober diſpoſitions, and a heart as yet uncorrupted by the ways of the world, and for-

tunate it was for me that I fell into the hands of ſo worthy a man, who trained me early to walk in the paths of virtue. About ſix years paſſed away in this good man's family, which conſiſted of himſelf, his excellent wife, and two amiable daughters. During this period nothing occurred worth relating to you. I had not heard of my father, but I was perfectly happy in the affections of this benevolent man, who had lately taken me into partnerſhip with him, which was to render me more independent: this change was particularly pleaſing to me, as I had always conceived in the idea of dependence, ſomething galling and diſagreeable. My taſte for reading and ſtudy increaſed with the means of gratifying it, and I loſt no opportunity that offered itſelf for my improvement, but eagerly ſought after the beſt information upon every ſubject which I conſidered. Of poetry I was particularly fond, I had read all the beſt poems both in our own, and other languages; I even attempted to compoſe ſome verſes myſelf, but as I was not very ſucceſsful, I never told any body that I had made the trial. About this time I had occaſion to go near that part of the country where my father lived, and I hoped to hear ſomething of him. Upon enquiry I learned that he had been buried juſt two days before my arrival, and had left his affairs much embarraſſed: I was told that ſome time before his death he had taken too freely of ſome cordials in order to render leſs irkſome the tedioufneſs and languor of declining life, which, alas! poor man, muſt have been a comfortleſs old age. Theſe means which he took to alleviate his cares ſerved only to haſten his end; though I had not been uſed to think of my father with that warmth of affection which a child feels towards a fond parent, yet now that he was gone, I felt more love for him than ever I had felt before; I regretted much that I had not come a few days ſooner, to have comforted him on his death bed, and laid his head in the grave. The time had nearly elapſed when my worthy friend was to expect me home; as I knew he would be anxious if I exceeded the time appointed, I haſtened to obey his injunctions. I purſued my journey with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love to that bountiful Being, who had given me (among many bleſſings) ſuch a comfortable home to return to. Since I parted from my beſt friend, I had loſt my father, but I could not be ſuppoſed to feel very deeply for the loſs of one, whom I had voluntarily quitted, and who had never attempted to gain my affections. But I was returning to him who had ſhown a more than father's affection for me; had ſhielded my unprotected youth, guided my ſteps in the paths of rectitude and virtue, and bade my ſoul ſoar beyond this fleeting ſcene. It was ſurely for this man that I ſhould have felt the affections of a ſon, and I hope I was not ungrateful. Occupied by theſe pleaſing reflections, and anticipating the time, now faſt approaching, when I ſhould be again in the arms of my benefactor, while on his benevolent boſom every care and anxiety ſhould vaniſh, the hours had paſſed inſenſibly away, and I awaked as from a long confuſed dream, ſurpriſed to find myſelf ſo near our habitation. My horſe was acquainted with the road, having often gone it before, and he had trotted leiſurely along with me. The ſhades of evening began to fall, and had thrown a gloom around our little manſion, which was ſurrounded by a few trees; my heart beat high with fond expectation as I drew nearer the ſpot which contained all that was dear to me.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

# Poetry.

*[For the Edinburgh Magazine.]*

## ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

FROM yonder gayly bloſſom'd bean-flower bed,
Soft blows the ſpicy gale that wakes the morn;
Unnumber'd ſongſters warble in the ſhade,
And bright the honey'd dew-drop gilds the thorn.

The ſhepherd trills his ballad in the grove,
And on the roſe-bud ſits the buſy bee;
Light tripping o'er the green the virgins move,
And bounteous nature ſmiles on all but me.

To

To all but me the ſmiling morning comes,
To all but me the gale ſweet fragrance brings:
My lonely heart would fly to ſilent glooms,
And leave the beauty of a thouſand ſprings.

In vain does Melody tranſport the vale,
In vain the lily lifts its lowly head;
Anemonies in vain perfume the gale,
And all in vain the healing dews are ſhed.

They raiſe no tranſports in the man of woe,
They yield no ſweets to heal his wounded heart:
'Tis not the zephyr, balmy, breathing low,
'Tis not the limped brook can eaſe his ſmart.

Dearer to him the ſympathetic ſhades
Where gloomy Melancholy broods around,
Than all the gay enamel'd flowery meads,
With ever full and flowing ſtreamlets crown'd.

Dejected, pale, I walk the ſunny glade,
While Muſic pours its raptures on the ear;
While nymphs and ſwains fantaſtic meaſures tread;
And ſigh forlorn and drop the tender tear.

Or rove all penſive where the poplar throws
A broad brown ſhade acroſs the flood ſerene,
When ev'ning guides the ſwain to ſweet repoſe,
And lift to Philomela's moving ſtrain.

Oh Health! bleſt parent of the genial hour!
Oft have I trod with thee the dews of morn;
Oft have I ſought with thee the ſhady bower,
And ſram'd, ſweet taſk! the wreath by *Delia* worn.

But thou art fled (and oh thou wert my all!)
No more I warm me in thy ray divine;
Or hear within the grove thy breezy call;
Or pull thy early roſe that once was mine.

Yon ſun that leads the vernal hours along
To the warm notes of Beauty's humble ſlave;
That bids the happy ſhepherd's lyre be ſtrung;
Can only light me to the ſilent grave.

Yet why complain?—wrapt in the peaceful tomb,
The weary reſt, remov'd from all their woes.
There does the houſeleſs wanderer find a home,
And there does Miſery at laſt repoſe,

There too ſhall I confeſs Oblivion's power,
There drop the tender lamentable ſtrain;
There cloſe theſe hope-born eyes to weep no more,
And ſnatch a joy beyond the reach of pain. *Thyrsis.*

[*For the Edinburgh Magazine.*]

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE GRAVE OF MECKAN.

*Addreſſed to Mr J. F.*

In Glendarwell, (Argyleſhire,) a battle was fought between Meckan, ſon of Magnus, king of Norway, and the Gaels or Highlanders, where it is ſaid the Norwegians were repulſed with conſiderable loſs *; and, having been purſued to the ſea-ſhore, their leader, *Meckan*, was overtaken and ſlain as he was entering his boat at the head of Lochredden.—There, in a ſituation truly romantic, his grave is ſtill to be ſeen:—about 60 paces to the ſouth of it is a low pebbled point called *Rue-varv Meckan* †, or *The point on which Meckan was ſlain.*

MARK the lone glen beneath yon rock
Whoſe ivy'd brow nods to the wind,
Where low beſide his little flock,
A hoary ſhepherd reſts reclin'd ‡.

'Twas in that ſweet ſequeſter'd dell
Immortaliz'd in Oſſian's ſong ||,
The valiant chief of Lochlin fell,
Old red-hair'd Magnus' warlike ſon.

Intent on rapine, ſpurning fear,
He joyous left cold Gormat's brow;
But, ah! a Caledonian's ſpear
Soon pierc'd his heart, and laid him low.

The generous foe, with artleſs ſkill
Rais'd "his gray ſtone," (for he was brave;)
And to the paſſing wanderer ſtill,
It points out *Meckan*'s lonely grave.

Above

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* See Statiſtical account of Scotland, Vol. IV. page 337.

† *Rue-varv Meckan* is evidently a contraction of *An rúitha' áir 'n dó mhárbhádh Meácan.*

‡ The author's father, who is literally *a hoary ſhepherd*, and actually lives within half a mile of Meckan's grave, is here alluded to.

‖ See Gillies's Collection of Ancient and Modern Gaelic Poems, p. 265.

Above yawns many a dreary cave,
O'ertop'd with hills to heaven that ſoar;
Below, the gently riſing wave,
Soft-murm'ring breaks on *Ruail* ſhore.

Rank bending graſs, and primroſe pale,
In ſpring ſurrounds the Hero's head;
And, from rude winter's boiſt'rous gale,
Thick hazel ſcreens his moſſy bed.

There eagles ſcream, and ravens croak,
And lambkins trip the dewy green:—
There too, beneath ſome aged oak,
The nimble roe is ſkipping ſeen.—

O! oft have I with youthful ſpeed,
Rov'd yon green ferny braes among;
And careleſs tun'd my ſimple reed,
To join the wood lark's early ſong.

But lo!—the ſun's laſt parting beam
Now faintly gleams thro' æther blue;
I muſt not ſtay—farewell, pure ſtream!—
Dear rugged native hills, adieu!

Yet ſoon as Autumn's ripening breath,
With ſloes and nuts the thickets crown,
Again I'll range yon blooming heath,
And leave the *deſk*, and noiſy town.

*Rothsay, 4th July* 1800. *A. F.*

## SONNET,

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

*On his publiſhing a ſecond volume of "Fabliaux" of the 12th and 13th Centuries, tranſlated by the late Mr Way.*

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ.

THE friend, whoſe oaten reed was tun'd erewhile
To minſtrel meaſures, who in ſylvan bow'r
Woo'd Gothic fiction, which hath gifted pow'r,
To charm the lone retreats of letter'd toil:
That gentle friend, who roam'd thro' many a clime
Of fabling fancy, gaz'd on tourney high
Or antique maſke, or faery revelry,
And told his tranced tale in fuited rhime;
That friend is gone!—but to *thy* care he gave
An anademe of taſte enwoven flowers,
Which ſhall his memory reſcue from the grave,
And faithfully record to after hours,—
That he whoſe aiding hand the wreath entwin'd,
Shares kindred feelings and congenial mind.

[*For the Edinburgh Magazine.*]

## LOVE ELEGY.

WHILE ſultry noon, O *Delia*! rages nigh,
How cool we ſit beneath this woodbine ſhade!
But why that penſive look that heaving ſigh?
And why this tear, too, kind and tender maid?

From loſs of friends proceeds this diſmal change?
Some faithleſs confident, or cruel fire?
Some fickle youth that ſues, and ſtill would range?
Some falſe one that could more than love deſire?

Or theſe; or more ſad cauſes may unite
To rend thy boſom with untimely woes;
Theſe rob that boſom of its native white,
Theſe raviſh from thy cheek its vernal roſe.

Ah, no!—Nor rivals in thy love I fear,
(Believe not, *Delia*, while I ſpeak in jeſt,)
No fickle youth extorts that cruel tear,
Far other griefs diſtreſs that virgin breaſt.

Have I too long adjourn'd the nuptial day,
Nam'd it too oft, and heard it nam'd in vain?
Theſe thoughts on *Delia*'s gentle boſom prey;
She doubts my conſtancy, and blames her ſwain.

O blame me not, my much enduring fair;
O blame not me, but fortune too ſevere!
Others have flocks and fields, but want and care
Alone, to me, conclude the toilſome year.

Had I but wealth to render life ſecure,
How ſoon would Hymen on our wiſhes ſmile:
But hopes like theſe for ever muſt allure;
Vain hopes, to flatter only to beguile.

Heavens! once how light I made of bags and gold!
How light of gold and bags I yet would make!
But now, when bliſs may even be bought and ſold,
Too late I court them for my *Delia*'s ſake.

You weep!—But weep not, thus my kindeſt fair,
Forbear to wound me with the mournful ſight;
O yield not up that boſom to deſpair,
Fortune may ſmile, and yet forget her ſpite.

Wealth yet may flow, and years and friends increaſe,
(But O! forbid ſuch treach'rous friends my door!)
Yet lovely babes may crown our laſting peace,
And wedded bliſs our mutual love ſecure.

Behold

* The ingenious author of "Sonnets and other ſmall Poems," 12mo London 1797. *Editor.*

Behold where yonder ſtately turrets riſe,
Midſt many a winding ſtream and ſhelt-'ring tree,
Where coſtly Art with ruſtic Nature vies,
Yon happy pair were poor, and lov'd as we.

Nor then was *Corydon* of lands poſſeſs'd,
Nor then his flocks on blooming paſture ſtray'd,
Then toil and care diſturb'd his ſweeteſt reſt,
And love ſubdued him ſo one gentle maid.

He lov'd his *Myra*, and would often ſay,
While ſighs and tears expreſs'd the maid-en's grief,
Our frowning morn may turn a pleaſant day;
"Our ſorrows, *Myra*, yet may find re-lief.

Even as he ſaid, their cloudy morning paſs'd;
An early day of wealth and ſplendour came;
In Hymen's court their vows were crown'd at laſt,
They live, they love, they breathe a mu-tual flame.

THOMAS HOUSTON.

*Newcastle.*

## VERSES TO MICHAEL O'BYRNE, ESQ.

*With a Portrait of the late Thomas Alex-ander, Earl of Kellie**.

BY CALEB WHITEFORD, ESQ.

THIS Portrait, dear O'Byrne, to you I ſend,
The honour'd buſt of a departed Friend;
Whoſe worth, whoſe talents, no one better knew,
So none can e'er regret him more than you.
None better knew his bright convivial pow'rs,
Who ſhar'd his mirth, who ſhar'd his ſo-cial hours.
Me too the bands of firmeſt Friendſhip tied,
And half my ſoul took flight when *Kellie* died!
Whoſe ſenſe refin'd, whoſe wit devoid of gall,
Ne'er wounded any, but delighted all.
Where ſhall we ſearch, ſuch pleaſantry to find?
That chearful conſtant ſunſhine of the mind!
How vain the labour, and the ſearch how vain,
Unleſs himſelf ſhould viſit earth again!
Yet though no longer we behold him here,
Kellie ſtill ſhines in a ſuperior ſphere;
That *ſoul* of *melody*, that feeling heart,
In Heaven's high concerts ſurely bears a part;
And though, alas! from former Friends remov'd,
He ſtill enjoys that *harmony he lov'd*.

## ROMANCE†.

ENTENS ma voix gémiſſante,
Habitant de ces vallons!
Guide ma marche tremblante,
Qui ſe perd dans les buiſſons!
N'eſt-il pas quelque chaumiere
Dans le fond de ce réduit
Ouje vois une lumiere
Percer l'ombre de la nuit?

Mon fils dit le Solitaire,
Crains ce feu qui te ſéduit;
C'eſt une vapeur légere,
Elle egare qui la ſuit:
Viens dans ma Cellule obſcure:
Je t'offrirai, de bon cœur,
Mon pain noir, ma couche dure,
Mon repos & mon bonheur.

Ces accens faiſoient ſourire
Le voyageur attendri;
Un ſecret penchant l'attire
Vers le bienfaiſant abri:
Un toit de chaume le couvre;
Et l'Hermite hoſpitalier
Pouſſe un loquet qui leur ouvre
L'humble porte du foyer.

Devant lui ſon chien folatre
Et partage ſa gaité:
Le grillon chante dans l'atre
Etincelant de clarté:
Mais hélas! rien n'a de charmes
Pour ſon hôte malheureux;
Rien ne peut tarir les larmes
Qui s'echappent de ſes yeux.

L'Hermite voit ſa triſteſſe
Et voudrait la ſoulager:
D'où vient l'ennui qui te preſſe,
Dit-il au jeune Etranger?
Eſt-ce une amitie trahie?
Eſt-ce un amour dédaigne?
Ou la miſere ennemie
Qui te rend infortune?

Helas! tous les biens du monde
Sont peu dignes de nos vœux,
Et l'inſenſe qui s'y fonde
Eſt plus mepriſable qu'eux:

L'amitie

* Thomas Alexander, Earl of Kellie, died at Bruſſels in the beginning of Oct. 1781.

† From "Lettres de deux Amans, habitans de Lyon; publiées par M. Leonard, a Lon-dres (Paris) 1783." evidently a verſion, not, as has been ſuppoſed, the original of Gold-ſmith's beautiful ballad of Edwin and Angelina. *Editor.*

L'amitie, s'il en eſt une,
N'eſt qu'un phantome impoſteur,
Un vent qui ſuit la fortune
Et s'eloigne du malheur.

L'amour eſt plus vain encore :
C'eſt un eclat emprunte,
Un nom faux dont ſe decore
L'ambitieuſe beaute :
On ne voit l'amour fidele,
S'il daigne quitter les Cieux,
Qu'au nid de la tourterelle
Qu'il echauffe de ſes feux.

Va, crois-moi, deviens plus ſage ;
Mepriſe un ſexe trompeur. . . .
L'hote, emu de ce langage,
S'embellit par ſa rougeur ;
Son front où la candeur brille,
Ses yeux, ſa bouche & ſon ſein,
Font reconnoitre une fille
Dans le charmant Pelerin.

Voyez, dit-elle, une Amante
Qui cherche en vain le repos ;
Voyez une fille errante,
Dont l'amour cauſe les maux :
Long-temps ſuperbe, inhumaine,
Ignorant le prix d'un cœur,
A fuir une tendre chaine,
J'avois mis tout mon bonheur.

Dans cette foule volage
Qui venoit groſſir ma cour,
Raimond m'offroit ſon hommage
Sans m'oſer parler d'amour :
Le Ciel etoit dans ſon ame ;
Le lys qui s'ouvre au matin,
N'eſt pas plus pur que la flamme
Que j'allumois dans ſon ſein.

Sa naiſſance etoit commune ;
Raimond ſans bien, ſans emploi,
N'avoit qu'un cœur pour fortune ;
Mais ce cœur fut tout a moi :
Las de mon ingratitude,
Il me quitta pour toujours,
Et dans une ſolitude
Il alla finir ſes jours.

Maintenant déſeſpérée,
Victime d'un fol orgueil,
Je m'en vais dans la contrée
Qui renferme ſon cercueil :
La je n'ai plus d'autre envie
Que de mourir a ſes pieds,
Payant des jours de ma vie
Ceux qu'il m'a ſacrifies.

Non, non, dit Raimond lui-meme,
En la ſerrant dans ſes bras,
Non, celui que ton cœur aime,
N'a point ſubi le trepas ;
Regarde, ô mon Angeline,
Cher objet de mes regrets,
Regarde, o fille divine,
Cet Amant que tu pleurois!

Angeline eſt dans l'ivreſſe ;
Le tranſport coupe ſa voix :
Ah ! dit-elle avec tendreſſe,
Eſt-ce toi que je revois !
Vivons, mourons l'un pour l'autre ;
Il ne faut plus nous quitter :
Qu'un ſeul trepas ſoit le notre ;
Qu'aurons-nous a regretter ?

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH SESSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

*HOUSE OF LORDS.—April* 28, 1800. ON the Order of the Day being read for the farther proceeding in a Committee on his Majeſty's Meſſage concerning the Union with Ireland,

*Lord Grenville* moved the fourth article of the Union relative to the admiſſion of Repreſentatives from Ireland, to ſit in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain.

*Lord Mulgrave*, in a ſpeech replete with much information, moved that all that part of the Reſolution which regarded the admiſſion of Iriſh Peers into the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, ſhould be omitted in the Reſolution. Whereupon the Houſe divided—Contents, 9; Non Contents, 52; Majority againſt the motion, 43.

Their Lordſhips then divided on the original motion—Contents, 50; Non Contents, 3; Majority for it, 47.

The Reſolution was then put and carried.

*May* 5. The Order of the Day was read for going into a Committee on the further conſideration of the Union, when

*Lord Grenville* roſe, and proceeded to the Commercial Reſolution, in propoſing which, he obſerved it was impoſſible, from the direct circumſtances of the two kingdoms, to admit a complete incorporation of commercial intereſts, as ſome of the manufactures of Ireland were not ſufficiently advanced to proceed without protecting duties, and the taxation now borne by the Britiſh Manufacturer rendered it impracticable to adjuſt this part of the ſyſtem, without granting to each a perfect freedom of export between the two countries. To effect which, it was intended to propoſe, that after a certain period all prohibitions, bounties, and drawbacks ſhould ceaſe (thoſe under the corn laws only excepted) by which that country would, as in juſtice ſhe ought, be ſecured for ever in the advantages which ſhe will then derive from her importation of the raw material from Great Britain, among which certainly it was intended to prevent the exportation of wool to them duty free. He was aware of the numerous but local complaints urged againſt this part of the ſyſtem; but he aſſerted that it was extremely doubtful that the ſmalleſt injury could ariſe to the manufactures of this country, by adopting that propoſition. It had been urged that the freedom of importing Iriſh linens to this country, duty free, was in conſequence of a compact entered into, by which the Iriſh ceded their woollen trade; be this as it might, Ireland was by the preſent propoſal put in poſſeſſion of both parts of the compact; the linen trade will, as heretofore, be continued, and the woollen trade would be open to her reſources. Protecting duties would be reciprocally inſtituted, and the Imperial Parliament would have a power, after the experience of 20 years, to regulate them as circumſtances would require.—He next proceeded to the proviſion trade of Ireland, and recited the various advantages both countries would derive therein from the Union. His Lordſhip then propoſed the Reſolution in form, after which the whole of the Reſolutions were agreed to, and an Addreſs was voted thereon.

6. *Lord Temple*, from the Commons, delivered a Meſſage from that Houſe, deſiring a conference on the matter of the Union with Ireland, which, on the motion of Lord Spencer, was agreed to, and a Committee was accordingly appointed for the purpoſe, which met in the Painted Chamber, when the various Reſolutions of the Commons were agreed to, and the Houſe aſſented thereto.

*Lord Grenville*, on the report of the conference being brought up, moved a Committee of five for the conſideration thereof, which being preſented at the bar, was agreed to.

7. The

7. The Order of the Day being moved, the Report of the Committee on the articles propoſed by the Iriſh Parliament for an Union with this country, was taken into conſideration. After ſome converſation, principally on points of form, the three firſt articles, together with the alterations made therein by the Commons, were agreed to by their Lordſhips.

The fourth Reſolution being propoſed,

*Lord Carnarvon* objected to that proviſion therein enabling Iriſh Peers to ſit in the Imperial Parliament; and, after arguing againſt its evil tendency at ſome length, propoſed that ſuch part of the article be left out.

*Lord Grenville*, in a ſpeech of ſome length, defended the proviſion; and, in a ſtrain of ingenious arguments, ſhewed that it was the leaſt ſuſceptible alternative of the only two that offered.

A diviſion then took place, when there appeared—Contents, 48; Non Contents, 12.

On the part for authoriſing his Majeſty to create Iriſh Peers in a certain proportion, as the titles ſhould become extinct, another converſation and diviſion took place, the numbers of which were—Contents, 42; Non Contents 9.

A third diviſion was alſo called for in the ſixth article, relative to a free importation between the two countries, Lord Fitzwilliam propoſing to except wool, when there appeared againſt the exception—Contents, 40; Non Contents, 4.

The Reſolutions were then all gone through, and ordered to be printed.

8. The Houſe met and immediately proceeded to the conſideration of an Addreſs to his Majeſty on the articles for an Union with Ireland, agreed to by the Houſe.

*Lord Grenville* propoſed that their Lordſhips ſhould concur in the Addreſs voted by the Commons, and moved the inſertion therein of the uſual words, for ſignifying their Lordſhips' concurrence, on which a debate of conſiderable length aroſe.

At length the queſtion was called for, and the Houſe divided, when there appeared—for the Addreſs, 75; againſt it, 7; Majority, 68.

Their Lordſhips then reſolved to communicate their concurrence in the Addreſs of the Commons to that Houſe in the way of conference, which accordingly took place.

9. A Meſſage was received from the Commons, ſtating that they had agreed to the amendments made by their Lordſhips to the Reſolutions communicated to them laſt Tueſday.—A Deputation then proceeded to St. James's with an Addreſs to his Majeſty.

16. *Lord Grenville* roſe, and having dwelt emphatically upon the awful events of yeſterday, particularly that which happened laſt night at the Theatre, moved that an Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, which being agreed to, and a Committee appointed to draw up the ſame, conſiſting of thoſe Peers which were of the Blood Royal and Privy Counſellors, the Duke of Clarence preſented the Addreſs, which he read as follows:

"The humble Addreſs of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament aſſembled,

"We, your Majeſty's dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament aſſembled, beg leave to approach your Majeſty's Throne to expreſs the horror and indignation we feel at the late atrocious and treaſonable attempt on your Majeſty's Moſt Sacred Perſon, and our heart-felt congratulations to your Majeſty and our Country at your preſervation from ſo great a danger.

"Attached to your Majeſty by every ſentiment which can endear a Sovereign to his People, and by a ſenſe of all the benefits we feel and enjoy under your Majeſty's mild and paternal government, and by our veneration for the diſtinguiſhed virtues that adorn your character, which have always been moſt eminently diſplayed in the hour of trial, we rejoice in your preſervation from fatality ſo imminent, and acknowledge with all humility and gratitude the merciful interpoſition of Providence ſo manifeſted.

"And we make it our earneſt prayer to that Providence ſtill to continue its protection to a life ſo juſtly dear to us."

The Addreſs being read and agreed to, *nem. con.*

*Lord Grenville* propoſed a Meſſage to the Commons, for the purpoſe of a conference, that the Addreſs ſhould be a joint Addreſs of the whole Legiſlature; which being agreed to, a conference was held in the Painted Chamber, when the Com-

Commons agreed to make it a joint Addreſs.

The Bill for preventing the marriages of Adultereſſes and Adulterers was brought in and read a firſt time.

Adjourned.

*HOUSE OF COMMONS.—April* 24.

Petitions were preſented from the Clothiers, Wool Dealers, and Woollen Manufacturers of different towns and diſtricts, againſt the propoſed Article of the Union with Ireland, permitting the exportation of Wool to that country.

The Houſe having reſolved itſelf into a Committee,

*Mr Roſe* moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee that all Oil, and Blubber for boiling down into Oil, imported from Davis's Straits, ſhould be exempted from the duties to which they are at preſent liable," which was agreed to.

The Houſe having reſolved itſelf into a Committee of the whole Houſe to conſider of the propriety of diminiſhing the duties on Hops imported,

*Mr Roſe* moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee that the preſent Duties payable on Hops imported ſhould be ſuſpended for a limited time;" and if the Committee agreed to this motion, he would then move, "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that a duty not exceeding one penny and twelve-twentieths of a penny ſhould be laid upon every pound avoirdupois weight of Hops imported." Theſe motions were ſeparately put and carried.

*Mr Long* moved that the Order of the Day for the Houſe going into a Committee to conſider farther his Majeſty's Meſſage be now read. The Order being read,

*Mr Long* gave notice that on Friday ſe'nnight, inſtead of to-morrow, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will move, that the Houſe ſhall on ſome future day reſolve itſelf into a Committee of the whole Houſe, to conſider of two Acts paſſed the laſt Seſſion of Parliament, impoſing a duty upon Income.

25. *Mr Pitt* moved the Order of the Day to conſider further his Majeſty's Meſſage on the Union.

The Houſe then in a Committee,

*Mr Pitt* moved the Fourth Reſolution for admitting 100 Iriſh Members into that Houſe, and 32 into the Peers; which being carried, he next moved, That the number of Placemen among the ſaid 100 Members ſhould not exceed 20, which was carried without a diviſion.

28. Several petitions were preſented againſt the article in the Union which permits the expoſtation of wool to Ireland duty free; among which Mr Wilberforce preſented five from different parts of Yorkſhire, one of which had from 26,000 to 27,000 ſignatures; and Mr Henry Laſcelles preſented another with upwards of 17,000 names affixed to it.

*Mr Tierney* put off his motion on Income.

The Houſe then went into a Committee on the Union, and the ſeveral petitions from the various Woolſtaplers, and others in the Wool Trade, throughout the kingdom, being referred thereto, counſel were called in and heard in ſupport of them.

29. The Houſe proceeded to the examination of witneſſes concerning the exportation of Wool to Ireland, as propoſed under the ſyſtem of the intended Union.

30. The Order of the Day being read for the Houſe to go into a Committee on the Union,

*Mr Pitt* propoſed the two Reſolutions regarding the Church and the Law of Ireland; on the alteration to be adopted in the former, he obſerved, that to incorporate it with the Church of England could only remove thoſe unhappy and fatal circumſtances that have exiſted by its preſent ſeparation from the protection of Great Britain.—An Imperial Parliament, beyond the reach of local prejudices, would calmly and impartially hear and relieve the grievances of each, and neither would venture to complain of its deciſions; but would obediently ſubmit to its authority and laws.

Regarding the law, he confined himſelf to ſtating, that the only alteration to be adopted, was that of the reſtoration of the appellant juriſdiction.

*May* 1. The Houſe reſolved itſelf into a Committee upon his Majeſty's Meſſage reſpecting an Union with Ireland.

*Col. Wood* ſaid, he had objections to the clauſe reſpecting the Iriſh Peers, and wiſhed to know when would be the proper ſtage for ſtating his objections.

The Speaker informed the Hon. Member that the Report would be the pro-

per

per ſtage, which, it was underſtood, would be received to-morrow.

After Mr Stancliffe, a witneſs, had been examined reſpecting the ſaving of labour of machinery,

*Mr Pitt* ſaid, he did not conceive it neceſſary to trouble the Houſe at length upon this article. He had liſtened with the utmoſt attention, and had given his beſt conſideration to the evidence adduced in ſupport of the Petitions from the Wool Trade. The reſult was, that in his apprehenſion, no ſuch danger was likely to reſult from the meaſures, as the Petitioners apprehended. He was therefore rather deſirous of hearing what impreſſion the evidence had made on the minds of other Gentlemen, and ſhould content himſelf with the ſtatement of the Article which he had formerly given, and now move it in its original form, without any other alteration except verbal amendments, in conformity to the ſpirit of the Article as he opened it.

*Mr Peele* profeſſed himſelf a warm friend to the meaſure of an Union; but if the wiſhes of the woollen trade could be gratified without endangering the meaſure itſelf, he wiſhed them the fulleſt ſucceſs. He alſo felt for another branch of the manufactures of this country, he meant the cotton trade, becauſe the principal hoſtility of the Iriſh ſeemed directed againſt that branch of our manufactory. This was not juſt in them. Their ſtaple trade, the linen branch, was foſtered and protected by this Country, and, without our aſſiſtance, it would never have reached its preſent fortunate ſituation; but they impoſed a prohibitory duty of 50l. per cent. on our cottons. He was ſorry to ſee the prejudices of manufacturers throwing obſtacles in the way of this great meaſure, for he hoped that through the medium of an Union, there would be likewiſe a thorough communication of all our intereſts.

*Mr Wilberforce* contended that the Union would be productive of a decreaſe in our wealth, revenues, and population, and that it would eventually bring ruin and beggary on the middling claſſes in the woollen trade, and emigration among the more wealthy.—The Hon. Gentleman then concluded a very long and argumentative appeal to the Houſe with moving, that all that part of the Reſolution which related to the exportation of wool to Ireland ſhould be expunged.

*Mr Pitt*, in a ſtrain of commanding eloquence, replied; he not only combated the ſeveral obſervations of the laſt Hon. Gentleman, but in his comments on the evidence given at the bar of the Houſe, argued and proved, that there was nothing to be apprehended by the woollen manufacturers in any part of Great Britain, from the adoption of the meaſure of the Union.

*Mr Everard* ſaid, he had been originally hoſtile to this meaſure, but had ſince changed his mind; and he wiſhed to explain his reaſon for ſo doing. He was connected with manufacturers in almoſt every county in England, and there were none of his Correſpondents who conceived that the permitting the wool to be exported to Ireland would be prejudicial to their trade. In the town of Trowbridge, and in another town, there were meetings of manufacturers convened, and they came to reſolutions not to oppoſe this meaſure.

*Mr Laſcelles* denied that any ſuch importation of foreign wool would take place, as had been ſtated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; nor was there any increaſe, but rather a diminution of the produce in this country, particularly ſince the improvements that were made in agriculture. He thought that Ireland would derive the moſt important benefits from the Union; and he thought that alone was enough for Ireland to receive, without requiring Great Britain to ſacrifice one of her firſt intereſts, and one which the occaſion did not call for.

*Mr Buxton* ſaid, that he hoped the Houſe would have ſome conſideration for the intereſt of land-owners, who had long ſuffered in conſequence of the prohibition againſt exporting wool.—They bear their burthens equally with other perſons, and he ſaw no reaſon why their intereſts ſhould not be conſulted as well as that of the mercantile people.

*Mr Hobhouſe* ſaid, he roſe merely to explain a ſtatement made by an Hon. Member, who mentioned a meeting in the town of Trowbridge. He knew the place very well; and he alſo knew that all the cloth manufactured there, as well as other towns near it, was cloth of a finer kind, and made entirely of Spaniſh wool.

*Mr*

*Mr Everard* replied, that ſeveral manufacturers, and particularly a couſin of his, uſed to make their cloth of Engliſh and Spaniſh wool mixed.

*Mr Baſtard* ſaid, that the apprehenſions entertained as to the effect of this meaſure, by the manufacturers in the Weſt of England, were as great as thoſe of the manufacturers in Yorkſhire. And as to the argument that there was no likelihood of manufacturers going over to Ireland, he contended that they would, if it was for no other reaſon than that of their machinery, which, in many parts of the country, they could not uſe for fear of the workmen, who muſt be put out of employment if it was uſed. Their machines would be ſent to a country, where they would not have to combat the prejudices of the common people.

A loud cry of *queſtion* now came from all parts of the Houſe.

*Dr Lawrence* roſe, but was prevented from ſpeaking by the cry of queſtion. At laſt being permitted to proceed, he obſerved that the Houſe then furniſhed him with a very fair argument againſt the Union; for if the Houſe was ſo clamorous with a number comparatively few, what muſt it be, when one hundred Iriſh Members were added to it; He contended, that the propoſition then before the Houſe had nothing to do with the general queſtion of the Union: it was a point of extreme liberality, which would be injurious to this country. It was highly improper to permit the exportation of a raw material, of which there was not enough already in the country for the uſe of the manufacturers.

The Committee then divided:—for Mr Wilberforce's Amendment, 34—againſt it 133.

The Reſolution was then agreed to: and the Speaker having reſumed the Chair, the Report was brought up.—Upon the queſtion that it be received to-morrow, a long converſation took place between Mr Tierney, Mr W. Bird, and Mr Pitt: the two former wiſhing to put off the Report for a longer time, and the latter contending that it was not neceſſary. The Houſe then divided—for receiving the Report to-morrow, 54—againſt it, 13.

2. On the Order being read for receiving the Report of the Committee on the Union,

*Dr Lawrence* propoſed, that inſtead of the word "now," "this day ſix months" be inſerted; when the Houſe divided on the original motion—for it, 208; againſt it, 26; Majority for the Union, 182.

5. The Order of the Day being read for further proceeding on the Union,

*Mr Pitt* roſe and propoſed the fourth Reſolution from the Committee, which being read, and the queſtion for it being put,

*Mr Tierney* wiſhed that the woollen trade might be put on the ſame footing with that of the cotton in Ireland; that a duty of 10 per cent. ſhould be laid on the exportation for the firſt eight years, and that the ſaid duty ſhould be gradually decreaſed for the ſubſequent eight years; and having ſuggeſted this plan, moved that the clauſe be recommitted for the purpoſe of introducing an amendment to that effect.

*Mr Pitt* objected to any alteration in this article of the propoſed Union: he defended the agreement entered into of mutual export between the two countries. He ſaid the project was founded on juſtice and fair dealing, and he would never conſent to have it altered till the experience of facts cauſed him and the Imperial Parliament to entertain an opinion to that purpoſe.

*Mr Wilberforce* repeated his former objections to this part of the meaſure, and ſaid, that unleſs ſome commutation as that ſubmitted was adopted, the conſequences to this country would be fatal.

The Houſe then divided—for Mr Tierney's motion, 19; againſt it, 111; Majority againſt it, 92. The ſeventh and eighth Reſolutions were then put and carried, and the whole being agreed to,

*Mr Pitt*, in an eloquent and argumentative ſpeech on the principle of the Union, for which he congratulated the country, moved an Addreſs to his Majeſty thereon, expreſſive of their obedience in taking his gracious Meſſage into conſideration, the promptitude wherewith his wiſhes were accompliſhed, and their deſire that the ſame might be forwarded to the Parliament of the Siſter Kingdom; which being ſeconded, a committee was appointed to draw up the ſame, and it was immediately preſented at the bar of the Houſe by Mr Pitt, and being read, was agreed to, and ordered forthwith to be preſented to the King.

7. Leave was given to bring in a Bill to enable Sir George Pigot to diſpoſe of a diamond, value 30,000l*. by way of Lottery.

8. A Meſſage from the Lords informed the Houſe, that they requeſted a conference on the ſubject of the Union. The Houſe having attended, the Maſter of the Rolls informed the Members, that their Lordſhips had agreed to the Reſolutionss, with ſome amendments, to which they deſired the concurrence of the Houſe.—Ordered that the ſame be taken into conſideration to-morrow.

9. The amendments made by the Lords reſpecting the Union were agreed to, and a meſſage was ſent up to the Lords, to acquaint them therewith.

12. Mr Abbot gave notice of moving for leave to bring in a Bill to make Public Accomptants liable to the intereſt of the Monies of Private Perſons and others in their hands.

*Lord Hawkeſbury*, at the bar of the Houſe, delivered his Majeſty's moſt gracious anſwer to the Addreſs of that Houſe relative to the Union, wherein his Majeſty was pleaſed to declare, that he received their Addreſs with great ſatisfaction, and to ſay that he would forth-with tranſmit the Reſolutions of that Houſe to Ireland, for the concurrence of the Parliament of that kingdom, and expreſſed his hope, that the meaſure ſo eſſentially beneficial to both kingdoms would ſpeedily paſs into a law.

His Majeſty's Anſwer was ordered to be entered on the Journals.

14. The Houſe in a Committee of Ways and Means,

*Mr Pitt* ſtated that he had contracted this week for a Lottery in aid of the ſupplies for the current year; that he had extended the number of tickets, not more on account of the general demand for them on all former occaſions, but eſpecially that this mode of taxation ſhould keep pace with the other ſyſtems of taxation, and becauſe it was not only unfelt by the public at large, but much ſought for.

The number, therefore of tickets he ſhould propoſe would be 60,000, and according to the bargain he had made for them, the Lottery this year would poduce to the State a ſum no leſs than 326,250l.

He then moved the Reſolutions to the effect foregoing, which being agreed to, and the Report brought up, a Bill was ordered to be brought in on the ſame.

16. A Meſſage from the Lords was received, ſtating that the Lords deſired a conference with the Commons in the Painted Chamber, on a ſubject materially affecting the ſafety of the Sacred Perſon of his Majeſty, and the happineſs of the people.

A Committee was then appointed to conduct the conference: and on their return from the conference, Mr Dundas announced the ſame, and ſignified that a joint Addreſs was agreed to.

The Addreſs was then read (ſee page 70,) with the addition, after the words "Lords Spiritual and Temporal," the words "and Commons," were inſerted. It was agreed to.

Adjourned.

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THE

# Monthly Regiſter, FOR July 1800.

## *Interesting Intelligence from the London Gazettes.*

*Admiralty-Office, April 26.*

*Copy of a Letter from Mr James Le Bair, Commander of the Mayflower private Ship of War, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated at Guernſey, the 17th inſt.*

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, for their Lordſhips' information, that on the 8th inſt. Cape Penas, at ten A. M. bearing S. W. diſtance about five leagues, ſaw a ſchooner on our lee beam ſtanding to the Northward; at noon perceived ſaid ſchooner to tack and ſtanding for us; ſhortly after which ſhe tacked again and ſtood off, we continuing to chace her; at five P. M. came within a league of her, and ſhewed her our

* An exact model of this Diamond is at preſent ſeen in Mr *White's*, Jeweller, South Bridge, Edinburgh. *Edit.*

our colours, which ſhe anſwered by hoiſting the National Flag; at eight it fell calm, in conſequence of which we got out ſweeps, and ſtood for her till midnight: on the 9th at two A. M. loſt ſight of her; at five diſcovered her about four miles ahead, the weather continuing to be calm; at nine a breeze ſprung up, when we ſet ſail after her; at three P. M. came within gun-ſhot of her, ſhe always attempting to get off; at half paſt three ſhe took in ſail and hove to; at four came a-breaſt of her within muſket-ſhot, when we attacked and continued to engage her for the ſpace of five hours, without altering our poſition; when ſhe ſtruck, and proved to be Le Troiſieme Ferrailleur privateer, belonging to Bourdeaux, commanded by Francois Lugeol, mounting two 12 pound carronades and twelve long 4-pounders, ſix of which are braſs, and manned with 68 men, three of whom were killed and five wounded during the action. Our loſs conſiſted in one man killed and four wounded.

This ſchooner is about 190 tons meaſurement, quite new and coppered, had been 40 days from Bourdeaux, during which time ſhe had captured the American ſchooner Active, Jonathan Holbrook, Maſter, bound from Liverpool to Boſton, and a brig from Teignmouth to Newfoundland, which ſhe burnt. Beſides this I captured ſeveral veſſels during my cruiſe, a liſt of which I have the honour to ſubjoin, and remain, Sir, &c. *James Le Bair.*

*Captured.*

The St. Incarnacao Portugueſe brig, bound from St. Ubes to Cork, recaptured.

The St. Franciſco de Aſis Spaniſh ſhip letter of marque, in ballaſt, mounting 6 ſix-pounders, and 24 men.

The Republican ſchooner Neptune, mounting 4 four-pounders and 27 men, bound from Guadaloupe to the firſt French port, having General Des Fourneaux and his ſuite on board.

The French Latine-rigged privateer, called The Tarn, mounting two long nine and four 4-pounders (all braſs,) and 55 men.

*Downing-ſtreet, April 28.*

*A Diſpatch of which the following is an Extract, has been received from the Right Hon. Lord Minto, his Majeſty's Envoy Extraordinary and Miniſter Plenipotentiary at Vienna, by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majeſty's Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.*

My Lord, *Vienna, April 17.*

I have the ſatisfaction to acquaint your Lordſhip, that the campaign has opened in Italy by an important ſucceſs on the ſide of the Auſtrians. On the 6th inſt. Gen. Melas attacked the ſeveral poſts occupied by the French to the northward and weſtward of Savona and Vado, and drove them from the poſitions of Torre la de Buona, Monte Notte, and ſeveral others. Some of theſe poſts were ſtrongly entrenched, and one of them defended by three thouſand men; but they were carried by the courage and conduct of the Auſtrian troops, who appear to have acquired much honour on this day.

The enemy retired with precipitation on Vado and Savona, leaving their cannon and about three hundred priſoners, among whom is a Chief de Brigade and ſeveral Officers of diſtinction. In the night between the 6th and 7th the troops evacuated Vado, having deſtroyed the ſtores and ſpiked the cannon, and retired by ſea towards Nice. Their number is ſuppoſed to have been between ſeven and eight hundred.

The Auſtrians took poſſeſſion of the Fort of Vado in the morning, and found ſeventeen pieces of heavy artillery.—General Melas immediately inveſted Savona.

*Admiralty-Office, May 3.*

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels at Jamaica, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated in Port Royal Harbour, the 20th February.*

Sir,

I have the honour to tranſmit you herewith an account of armed veſſels and merchant ſhips, captured and deſtroyed ſince my laſt return, by his Majeſty's ſquadron under my command, which I deſire you will be pleaſed to communicate to my Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty.

I am, Sir, &c. *H. Parker.*

[To this Letter is added the Liſt of theſe veſſels, conſiſting of twenty-three armed veſſels, including the Hermione frigate, and one hundred and thirty-five merchant and other veſſels.]

*Extract of a Letter from John Thomas Duckworth, Eſq. Rear Admiral of the White, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated on board his Majeſty's Ship Leviathan, at Gibraltar, the 11th ultimo.*

On the 5th inſt. in the afternoon, I diſcovered twelve ſail from the maſt-head, but at the cloſe of the day could aſcertain no more than that three or four were men of war; I therefore attempted to anticipate their manœuvres, that I might fall in with them the next morning, and at three o'clock we croſſed on one, which the Emerald boarded; from her I learnt that ſhe had ſailed on the 3d inſt. with thirteen ſail, under convoy of three frigates. At day-break we could only ſee a brig, which was ſo nigh, and the weather inclined to be calm, that I ſent the boats of the Leviathan and Emerald under my Second Lieutenant, Gregory, to capture her, and after a ſmart ſkirmiſh of forty minutes they ſucceeded; ſhe mounted fourteen guns, with forty-ſix men, and bound to Lima; by this time we ſaw three ſail Eaſt, Weſt, and South; in conſequence the Swiftſure being much to leeward, I made her ſignal to chace to South, the Emerald Eaſt, and ſtood Weſtward in the Leviathan, with a very light air, when, at noon, the Emerald made the ſignal for ſix ſail in the North Eaſt; this induced me to ſtand directly to the Eaſtward, and at the cloſe of the day we ſaw nine ſail from the maſt head, it was then nearly calm, and continued ſo till eleven o'clock P. M. when a freſh breeze ſprung up from the South Weſt, and I ſteered North in hopes of croſſing them; at midnight we obſerved three ſail, and as we approached them faſt, at two o'clock I plainly ſaw two of them were frigates, ſtanding to the N. N. W. and cloſe together, I therefore kept on a parallel with them, and proportioned my ſail to theirs, that I might commence the attack juſt before day-break; becauſe I feared the veſſels under their convoy, (which I judged muſt be near) would, on our commencing a fire, ſeparate, and we might loſe them all; at this time the Emerald bearing near, I hailed, and acquainted Capt. Waller with my intentions.

At dawn of day I bore down upon the two frigates, which evidently had taken us for part of their convoy, and upon hailing one of them, ſhe directly endeavoured to make all poſſible ſail, as did the other cloſe upon her bow, on which I directed a volley of muſquetry to be fired, concluding they would ſtrike; but this not having the deſired effect, I gave a yaw, and diſcharged all the guns before the gangway at her yards and maſts, but it was not ſucceſsful in bringing any of them down; at this time Capt. Waller very judiciouſly ſhot up to the leeward one, and in a few minutes we ſo diſabled their ſails and rigging, that on my being in a poſition to have fired a broadſide into them both, they ſtruck their colours; during this the Spaniards kept up a ſtraggling fire, and I ſhould not do juſtice to their Captains were I to omit ſaying, that from the moment they diſcovered us to be enemies, they uſed the greateſt exertions to get off, and diſplayed a gallantry in commencing an action with ſuch a ſuperior force, as might be truly termed temerity, for I evidently could have deſtroyed them. You will find by their return of killed and wounded they ſacrificed many lives. It was near half paſt five when they ſtruck, and I directly made the Emerald's ſignal to chaſe the third ſail, which appeared to be the other frigate; but ſoon after diſcovering ſeven more, and it being doubtful whether the Emerald (whoſe copper is very bad) would come up with the frigate, I made her ſignal to attack the convoy, which Capt. Waller in a very officer-like manner executed, and before night had poſſeſſion of four of the largeſt. As ſoon as I had ſecured the frigates, and put them in a ſtate to make ſail, which took near two hours, I gave chace to the other frigate, but after four hours the wind dying away, and not appearing to gain on her ſo as to expect ſucceſs, I hauled towards the Emerald, and in the afternoon took a brig; it then becoming quite calm, and continuing ſo till after dark, I ſaw no more of the enemy; and the next day joining the Emerald, I made for this port with the prizes, and arrived ſafe with them all on the 10th in the morning, when I found the Incendiary had arrived the previous day with two of the ſtragglers that ſhe had fortunately picked up in looking for me. In this tranſaction I truſt their Lordſhips will believe, that nothing in my power was left undone to

ſecure

ſecure the whole of a convoy ſo important to the Spaniards. The two captured frigates, which were bound to Lima with quick-ſilver, are completely ſtored for ſuch a voyage, and recently coppered. On board of the Carmen the Archbiſhop of Beunos Ayres was a paſſenger. I herewith ſend you a liſt of the prizes, with their force and deſtination.

*Return of two Spaniſh Frigates captured by the Leviathan and Emerald on the 7th April, 1800.*

Carmen, Don Fraquin Porcel, Commander, (commanding the Expedition,) of 36 guns, 340 men, and 950 tons, from Cadiz bound to Lima, laden with 1,500 quintals of quick-ſilver, ſundries of cards, and 4 twenty-four pound guns; ſtored for foreign ſervice, and victualled for four months, newly coppered; weight of metal twelve pounders; paſſenger on board, El Senor Yllufriſſimo Don Pedro Ynſcencio Bejarano, Archbiſhop of Beunos Ayres.

Florentia, Don Manuel Norates, Commander, of 36 guns, 314 men, and 950 tons, from Cadiz bound to Lima, laden with 1,500 quintals of quick-ſilver, ſundries of cards, with 5 twenty-four pound guns; newly coppered and copper-faſtened; paſſenger, Don Joſef Balcaſino, Official Real.

*Return of Killed and Wounded on board the two Spaniſh Frigates.*

Carmen, 1 Officer and 10 men, killed; 16 men wounded.

Florentia, 1 Officer and 11 men, killed; 1ſt and 2d Captains with 10 men wounded.

*J. T. Duckworth.*

[Here follows a liſt, containing the particulars of the 11 merchantmen taken, one of which mounted 14 guns and 6 ſwivels, and carried 46 men; another had 4 guns and 35 men; a third had 8 guns, and 70 men; another, 14 guns, and 70 men; and one had 32 guns, and 182 men.—all of which ſafely arrived at Gibraltar.]

*Downing-Street, May 6.*

*The following intelligence, which had been received at Vienna, has been tranſmitted from Lord Minto to Lord Grenville, his Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a Letter dated April 20, 1800.*

Accounts have been received from Gen. Melas, dated the 10th inſt. It had been the General's intention to move forward againſt Varagio on the 9th, but having learnt that the enemy having received a reinforcement of 3000 men, intended to make a vigorous defence in this advantageous poſition, Gen. Melas halted in conſequence, and deferred the attack until the following day; the battle was bloody, a great number of men being killed on both ſides; at length the perſeverance of his Imperial Majeſty's troops was ſucceſsful; ſeveral Officers and about 200 men were made priſoners; among the former were ſome belonging to the ſuite of General Maſſena, who had haſted in perſon to the ſcene of action, in the hope that his preſence would inſpire his troops with additional courage; he led them repeatedly to the charge: the enemy, flying in diſorder, was purſued as far as Invrea. That part of them which took the road leading along the ſea coaſt ſuffered conſiderably by the fire of the ſquadron of his Britannic Majeſty. On another ſide M. Le Comte de Hohenzollern attacked and carried the Bochetta on the 9th, making 200 priſoners, with ſix pieces of cannon.

In the 9th between the 7th and 8th, Gen. Kaim ſurpriſed the enemy's poſts at Mount Cenis, taking 200 priſoners and 16 pieces of cannon, and eſtabliſhed himſelf in that poſition.

*Copy of another Letter from Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels in the Mediterranean, to Evan Nepan, Eſq. dated in Leghorn Roads, 3d April, 1800.*

SIR,

I requeſt that you will lay before their Lordſhips the enclоſed letters from Capt. Auſten, of his Majeſty's ſloop the Petterell, to Capt. Oliver, of his Majeſty's ſhip Mermaid, and from Capt. Oliver to me, reporting the capture of one French veſſel of war, and the driving on ſhore of two others.

I have the honour to be, &c.

*Keith.*

*Mermaid, Mahon, 25th March.*

MY LORD,

I have the honour to encloſe your Lordſhip a Letter from Capt. Auſten of the

the Petterell, who, in company with his Majeſty's ſhip under my command, on the evening of the 21ſt inſt. captured La Ligurienne, French brig of war, of 14 ſix-pounders, and two thirty-ſix pounder howitzers, and drove away the Cerf ſhip corvette of the ſame force, as well as the Joliet xebecque, of ſix ſix-pounders, and 30 men, in the North eaſt part of the bay of Marſeilles, and not more than ſix miles from that town, after a well-conteſted action of more than an hour and a half, within point-blank ſhot of two batteries, and at one time the Petterell's ſtern touched the rocks, where ſhe ſtopped for a few minutes. It is impoſſible for me to expreſs, in terms ſtrong enough, the gallant conduct of Captain Auſten, his Officers and ſhip's company, on this occaſion, in a conteſt againſt ſo ſuperior a force; for, having deſired Capt. Auſten the evening before to keep cloſe in ſhore by way of deception, (and by which means the two veſſels laden with corn, mentioned in Capt. Auſten's letter, were taken in the morning) the Mermaid was ſo far to leeward as to be able to afford but little aſſiſtance, until the brig was completely beaten.

I think La Ligurienne will be found well adapted for his Majeſty's ſervice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

*R. D. Oliver.*

*Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. &c.*

*Petterell at Sea, March 22.*

SIR,

I have to inform you, that the veſſels with which you ſaw me engaged yeſterday afternoon, near Cape Couronne, were a ſhip, brig, and xebecque, belonging to the French Republic; two of which, the ſhip and xebecque, I drove on ſhore, and after a running action of about one hour and a half, during which we were not more than a cable's length from the ſhore, and frequently not half that diſtance, the third ſtruck her colours. On taking poſſeſſion, found her to be La Ligurienne, French brig of war, mounting 14 ſix-pounders, two thirty-ſix pounder howitzers, all braſs, commanded by Citizen Francis Auguſte Pelabon, Lieutenant de Vaiſſeau, and had on board at the commencement of the action 104 men. Though from the ſpirited conduct and alacrity of Lieutenant Packer, Mr Thompſon, the Maſter, and Mr Hill, the Purſer, (who very handſomely volunteered his ſervices on the main-deck) joined to the gallantry and determined courage of the reſt of the Officers, Seamen, and Marines of his Majeſty's ſloop under my command, I was happily enabled to bring the conteſt to a favourable iſſue; yet I could not but feel the want, and regret the abſence of my Firſt Lieutenant Mr Glover, the Gunner, and 30 men, who were at the time away in prizes. I have a lively pleaſure in adding, that this ſervice has been performed without a man hurt on our part, and with no other damage to the ſhip than four of our carronades diſmounted, and a few ſhots through the ſails.

La Ligurienne is a very fine veſſel of the kind, well equipped with ſtores of all ſorts, in excellent repair, and not two years old; is built on a peculiar plan, being faſtened throughout with ſcrew bolts, ſo as to be taken to pieces and ſet up again with eaſe, and is ſaid to have been intended to follow Bonaparte to Egypt. I learn from the priſoners, that the ſhip is called Le Cerf, mounting 14 ſix-pounders, and the xebecque Le Joliet, mounting ſix ſix-pounders, that they had failed in company with a convoy, (two of which, as per margin *, I captured in the forenoon) that morning from Cette for Marſeilles. I encloſe a liſt of the killed and wounded, as far as I have been able to aſcertain it. And am, &c.

*F. W. Auſten.*

*R. D. Oliver, Eſq. Captain of his Majeſty's ſhip Mermaid.*

*Return of Killed and Wounded in an action between his Britannic Majeſty's Sloop Peterrel, Francis William Auſten, Eſq. Commander, and the French National Brig La Ligurienne, commanded by Citizen Faancis Auguſte Pelabon, Lieut. de Vaiſſeau.*

Petterel—None killed or wounded.

La Ligurienne—The Captain and 1 Seaman killed; 1 Garde Marine and 1 Seaman wounded.

*Copy*

* French bark (name unknown), laden with wheat, about 350 tons: abandoned by her crew.

A French Bombarde (name unknown), laden with wheat, about 150 tons: left by the crew.

*Copy of a Letter from Vice Admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels in the Mediterranean, dated on board the Minotaur, off Genoa, April 18.*

I have the ſatisfaction of acquainting you, for the information of their Lordſhips, that the Guillaume Tell having attempted to eſcape from Malta, on the evening of the 29th ult. was intercepted and captured the following morning by his Majeſty's ſhips Lion, Foudroyant, and Penelope; but as I have not yet received Capt. Dixon's account of the particulars of the action, or of the loſs which has been ſuſtained, I muſt take another opportunity of communicating them. I underſtand, however, that the enemy was completely diſmaſted before ſhe ſtruck, and that the Lyon and Foudroyant have had killed and wounded about forty men each.

*Admiralty Office, May 10.*

Letters received this morning from Lord Keith, dated the 21ſt of April, mention ſeveral important advantages gained by the Auſtrians in the vicinity of Genoa, under the walls of which place the French have been obliged to concentrate their force. In many attacks the fire of the Engliſh ſhips was employed with conſiderable effect.

The Meſſenger reports that he ſaw an Engliſh ſhip towing a captured Dutch ſhip of the line (with a frigate or ſloop) into Yarmouth Roads.

*Downing-Street, May 10.*

*A Diſpatch of which the following is an Extract has been received this morning from the Hon. William Wyndham, his Majeſty's Envoy Extraordinary and Miniſter Plenipotentiary at Florence, by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.*

*Florence, April 24.*

The lateſt news arrived this morning from the vicinity of Genoa ſtates, that Maſſena having been beat a ſecond time at Voltri, on the 18th inſt. was obliged to take refuge, with the remains of his army, within the walls of Genoa; and that all the ſtrong poſts and forts without the city were in the hands of the Combined Powers, under the command of General Melas, and Admiral Lord Keith.

*Captures.*

1800. *March* 31. At ſea, by the Amethyſt, Capt. Cooke, the Mars French ſhip privateer, belonging to Bourdeaux, mounting 20 twelve pounders, and 2 thirty-ſix pound carronades; manned with 180 men.

*March* 25. At ſea, by the Uranie, Capt. Towry, the Le Cerberre French ſchooner, of 6 guns and 20 men; ſhe is copper bottomed.

*April* 5. At ſea, by the Jalouſe, Capt. Temple, the L'Inattendu, a ſmall French cutter privateer, armed with 2 guns and ſmall arms, and with 25 men.

—. At ſea, about 13 leagues to the eaſtward of Flamborough head, by the Latona, Capt. Sotheron, the La Virginie French lugger privateer, of 14 guns and 53 men.

*March* 20. By the Flora, Capt. Middleton, off Cape Finiſterre, the Coruneſa, Spaniſh ſhip privateer of 16 guns, (6 of which ſhe hove over board during the chace,) and 90 men. She had captured, during her cruize, the William Brig of Jerſey, with ſalt, and a Swediſh brig.

*April* 17. By the Spitfire, Capt. Seymour, nine leagues north of the Boſthead, the L'Heureuſe Sòciete of Pleinpont, carrying 14 guns and 64 men; a new veſſel out three days but had made no captures.

*April* 25. By the Hired Armed Lugger Lark, commanded by Lieut. Wilſon, near the Vlie Iſland, the Impregnable French cutter privateer of 14 guns, one of the greateſt peſts that infeſted that coaſt.

*Feb.* 11. Off Cape Spartel, by the Phœnix, Capt. Hyliſted, (the Incendiary in company,) the French privateer brig L'Eole, of 10 guns and 89 men.

*Leghorn Roads, April* 1. A Letter from Vice Admiral Lord Keith, of this date, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. for the information of the Lords of the Admiralty, incloſes a liſt of merchant veſſels captured by the ſhips of the ſquadron under his command, viz.

1 Spaniſh brig, of 14 guns, and 44 men
22 Spaniſh, French, and Genoſe veſſels
1 Deſtroyed
5 Engliſh and 6 veſſels of our allies re-captured.

*March* 2. At ſea, by the La Minerve, Capt.

Capt. Cockburne, the Le Foret French brig privateer, of 14 guns and 80 men: and re-captured the Alert, of North Yarmouth.

*May* 5. Off Goree, by the hired armed Lugger Lady Anne commanded by Lieut. Wright, the Les Huit Freres French lugger privateer, of 14 guns.

*April* 1. At ſea, by the Arethuſa, Capt. Wolley, the French cutter privateer Gen. Bernadotte, of 14 guns and 57 men.

*(Here end the Gazettes.)*

## ENGLAND.

Much inconvenience has ariſen from the robbery of a mail from Conſtantinople and Vienna to Hamburgh and England, in its paſſage through the Duchy of Bremen; and of another of ſimilar deſcription, in the Electorate of Brandenburg.

Letters from St Vincent's ſtate, that a very great drought has prevailed in our Weſt India iſlands; ſo much ſo that at Barbadoes a number of cattle have died for want of water, and at St Bartholomew's water has been ſold for ſeven dollars the puncheon. The crops, notwithſtanding, are generally abundant.

LONDON *July* 1.

Yeſterday, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, a fire broke out at a wharf a little way above the Sun Tavern, at Chatham, which raged with dreadful violence upwards of two hours ---both ſides of the main ſtreet are in one heap of ruins, from within three or four doors of the Sun Tavern to the Union Flag, and very few of the houſes oppoſite that ſpace, towards the new road, have eſcaped. Unfortunately when the fire broke out, it was low water in the river, which prevented a ſupply for a conſiderable time. A thatched farmhouſe and barn, about a quarter of a mile diſtant, were ſet fire to by the ſparks which the wind carried to it, and were totally deſtroyed, with a quantity of hay. It is ſaid, one or two lives are loſt, and a few unfortunate accidents have happened. The loſs cannot at preſent be eſtimated, but it muſt be conſiderable, and the ſituation of many families truly deplorable.

1. A Court Martial was held on board the Gladiator, in Portſmouth harbour, on Mr William O'Kelly, ſurgeon of his Majeſty's gun-veſſel Sparkler, Rear-Admiral Holloway, Preſident. He was charged by Lieutenant Walker, commander of the Sparkler, that on the 25th of May laſt he behaved in a mutinous, riotous and diſorderly manner, diſobeyed his order, ſtruck Mr Allen (the clerk), and ſaid he did not care a damn for the Lieutenant or his orders; and, after being under arreſt, for ſnapping a loaded piſtol ſeveral times at the centinel on his poſt. The Court being of opinion, that the charges having been proved in part againſt the ſaid Mr O'Kelly, ſentenced him to be impriſoned in the Marſhalſea for two years, and to forfeit all his pay.

2. At three o'clock, his Majeſty went in State to the Houſe of Peers, to give his Royal Aſſent to the Union Bill with Ireland.

4. Mr John Ruſby, an eminent cornfactor, was tried at Guildhall, before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury, for the offence of regrating. After a full inveſtigation he was found guilty. A ſcene was unfolded, the details of which would aſtoniſh the public eye.

*Lord Kenyon's addreſs to the Jury.*

"I have not had to addreſs gentlemen of your deſcription, in my life, on a cauſe of more importance than that which is now before you. We have often had before us cauſes in which large wealth, and the intereſt of great and reſpectable individuals have been at ſtake, which have deeply called for, what indeed they were ſure to receive from that Box, profound attention. But this queſtion involves the intereſt of all ranks and deſcriptions of which our community is made up---high and low, rich and poor, are deeply concerned in it. The lower orders of ſociety are indeed moſt materially concerned in this cauſe; for although comforts and luxuries are neceſſarily confined to a few, yet all, all ſhould have the actual neceſſaries of life, and if the loweſt rank among us, without whoſe labours the higheſt cannot exiſt, are deprived of the neceſſaries of life in any degree, by the arts of a few wealthy perſons, I ſay they will be placed in a ſituation, in which no wiſe Legiſlature will allow them to continue long. The Legiſlature has never been better, I was going to ſay ſo well, employed, as when they look to the intereſts of the lower claſſes of ſociety. It is a duty which Humanity directs, which Religion enjoins. Such a duty can never be neglected by the Wiſe and Good.--- The law has been ſtated to you.---The

ſtatutes

ſtatutes againſt foreſtalling and regrating ſtood upon our book for 150 years, and were ſuppoſed to have been a meaſure of action for that time, but an hour, in my opinion an evil hour, came, when theſe ancient ſtatutes were repealed. If it was intended, it was not carried further than to the ſimple repeal of theſe ſtatutes;---moſt certainly the common law was not repealed. That which we call the common law of this realm is very ancient, and began, perhaps, ſoon after ſociety was formed; for in the earlieſt, and in the rudeſt times, the wiſe and virtuous exerted their talents to make rules and precepts for human action. We are not to think that all the wiſdom which this country poſſeſſed came with the Conqueror. There are to be found among the Saxon maxims, many traces of what is now known to be our common law, and whence a good deal of it originates; but, however common law had its beginning, which was in wiſdom beyond all doubt, it is clear that very early in hiſtory, proviſions were made againſt foreſtalling and regrating; and it has long, long grown into common uſe, for the Judges of this land to inform the Grand Juries whom they addreſs upon the Circuits, that foreſtalling, ingroſſing, and regrating the articles which conſtitute the ſupport of human life, are crimes by the law of England. That theſe are offences, nobody has attempted to controvert: it is very properly admitted by the Learned Counſel for the defendant in this cauſe, that the offence imputed to his client may exiſt, and that the only queſtion is—Whether it be properly charged upon him or not? The ſingle queſtion therefore is—Whether the offence, which is now proved to exiſt ſomehow, and in the prevention of which we all feel an intereſt, has, or has not been committed by the party who now ſtands charged with it?

"Gentlemen, Speculators have ſaid, "that no ſuch offence as this can exiſt," and a very learned, and a very able and ingenious man, Dr Adam Smith, ſays, "that we may as well ſay that witchcraft exiſts, as that this crime exiſts." We have loſt that great and good man, and our loſs is great; for great is the loſs of ſociety when a wiſe, moral, and religious good man dies; but if he ſat by my ſide this day, I ſhould like to have aſked him, whether he was not convinced, not only that foreſtalling and regrating exiſt, but alſo, whether he thought they were not monſtrous in ſociety? If he were told that a rich man came to market and bought up the live cattle, or beef, or mutton, for the firſt, ſecond, and third days, and retailed them again at an enormous profit; that the ſame thing was done in corn, ſo that the article would change its price in a few minutes from 41s. to 46s. and all this bearing on the poor man, whoſe daily labour is his daily life, and who may, perhaps, periſh, if this be continued; I do think, then, that excellent perſon would find no difficulty in retracting what he ſaid in this particular, and would allow that foreſtalling is ſomething more to be dreaded in ſociety than witchcraft. Surely, ſurely that which makes ſuch havock on the pittance of the poor man's family, is ſomething which knocks hard at every honeſt breaſt.

"Gentlemen:—We are obliged to hear all the witneſſes that are offered to us, but we are not bound to believe them all. The rule of law, is not to look to the number of witneſſes, but to the weight of their teſtimony. There is one witneſs whoſe evidence has not, with me, the weight of a feather in this cauſe, and that is the evidence of Mr Thomas Smith.—I proteſt to you, Gentlemen, I do not believe Mr Smith. Why ſhould there have been all this difficulty between him and his partner, the defendant, when there was a profit of 4s. per quarter upon this corn, upon the re-ſale? And why ſhould Mr Smith take it upon himſelf, and what reſentment was there in allowing him all the profits of the ſecond ſale? Why was not the book of Mr Nattraſs produced at firſt? Why was it interpolated and altered after the entry of the ſale? I own, that to believe Mr Smith, is a credulity which I really do not poſſeſs.

We are not to be thus impoſed upon in Courts of Juſtice. We are not cloiſtered Monks who know nothing of the world, nor its inhabitants, although it has been ſaid we are, and of which I have taken notice upon another occaſion, and referred to a place which I will not again name. I adhere to what I ſaid then, I am glad I ſaid it, and I am proud to think that for what I did on that occaſion, I ſtand acquitted by all my country."

His Lordſhip, having paid a tribute

of reſpect to Mr Law who conducted the defence, concluded with obſerving, that if the Jury thought the charge was brought home to the defendant, it was the duty of the Jury to find him Guilty, in order that we might ſee whether there was or not to be an end of this practice. He was not altogether ſhut out from a view of ſome parts of this country, and if he were to ſay there was ſuch a thing in it, as that a rich man had placed his meſſengers and agents in every avenue leading to a market town, and that they bought up every bit of butter that came to that market, and immediately raiſed the price of that ſingle article 50 per cent. the Jury would perhaps be ſurpriſed, and yet there was ſuch a thing. However, the Jury would conſider this caſe upon the evidence, and find ſuch a verdict as that evidence called for.—*Guilty.*

*Lord Kenyon*—" Gentlemen, you have conferred the greateſt benefit on ſociety, that I believe any Jury ever did."

## SCOTLAND.

*Extract of a Letter from Forres, dated 25th June.*

The accounts of the deciſion of the Houſe of Lords in the Gordonſtoun cauſe, in favour of Col. Cuming Gordon, of Altyre, occaſioned univerſal joy here. In the evening Colonel Cuming entertained a number of his friends, when, among other loyal and patriotic toaſts, the health of the Chancellor was not forgotten. The people in the ſtreets were entertained with porter. Bonefires and tar barrels were burnt to a late hour; the volunteers fired three excellent vollies; and at night the town was elegantly illuminated.

The late Mrs Duncan of Lundie has generouſly left to the Society for the Induſtrious Blind in Edinburgh, one hundred pounds, which muſt give peculiar ſatisfaction to the friends of that benevolent inſtitution, and reflects the greateſt credit on her memory.

The Moreland of Leith, Robert Liddel, maſter, arrived at Jamaica the 10th May, all well; as did alſo the Lady Forbes of Leith, D. Gourly, maſter, the 13th.

*High Court of Juſticiary.*

*July* 17. Came on before the Court the trial of George Elliot, late horſe dealer in Hawick, accuſed of forging, or cauſing to be forged, and vending, or cauſing to be vended, forged notes of Five Pounds Sterling each, on the company of Surtees, Burdon, Embledon, and Co. commonly called the *Berwick Bank*; and alſo of forging and vending notes of One Pound Sterling each, on Carrick, Brown, and Co. bankers in Glaſgow, commonly called the *Ship Bank.*

After the indictment was read, the pannel pled—Not Guilty.

The trial laſted till four o'clock next morning, when the jury were incloſed.

*July* 18. At two o'clock this day the Court again met, when the Jury returned their verdict, unanimouſly finding the pannel *Guilty* of uttering and vending certain of the notes libelled on, knowing them to be forged. After recording the verdict, the Court delayed pronouncing ſentence till Monday, to which day they adjourned: and the pannel was conducted back to priſon.

Counſel for the Proſecution, Lord Advocate, Solicitor General, Hon. Henry Erſkine, David Williamſon, and Thomas Johnſton, Eſqrs.—Agent for the Berwick Bank, Mr Robert Strachan, W. S. For the Glaſgow Bank, Mr Edward Bruce, W. S.

Counſel for the Priſoner, John Clerk and Walter Scott, Eſqrs.—Agent, Mr Joſeph Gillon.

*July* 21. This day (Monday) came on the trial of Samuel Bell, lately reſiding at Spittal, in the county of Durham, and William Mortimer, late auctioneer in Thiſtle-Street, Edinburgh, indicted at the inſtance of his Majeſty's Advocate, for felonioufly forging or counterfeiting, or cauſing to be forged or counterfeited; or fraudently and felonioufly uſing, uttering, or vending, or cauſing to be uſed, uttered, or vended, the notes or obligations of the banking company, under the firm of Carrick, Brown, and Co. bankers in Glaſgow, known by the name of the Ship Bank of Glaſgow, knowing the ſame to be forged.

The pannels plead *Not Guilty.*

*Mr Clerk*, for the priſoners, ſtated, that as he meant to object to the admiſſibility of Robert Maſon, a witneſs objected to in the trial of Elliot, but withdrawn; and as the objection might conſume a great part of the time of the Court, he moved, that the queſtion might be diſcuſſed before the pannels were remitted to the knowledge of an aſſize.

The Counſel for the proſecution agreed.

The

The objection, as formerly ſtated, was, that Maſon was tried at the Glaſgow Circuit in 1786, for theft, and was ſentenced to be whipt and baniſhed for life. The firſt part of the ſentence was executed; but Maſon being brought to Edinburgh jail, he lay there for three years, when he received his Majeſty's pardon. It was alſo ſtated, that in 1789 he was again taken up and indicted for coining, but broke jail; ſince which he has connected himſelf with a banditti who go about the country iſſuing counterfeit notes; ſo he is completely infamous.

*Mr J. G. Bell* opened for the pannels. He was followed by the Solicitor General for the proſecution; and Mr John Clerk replied for the priſoners. The argument, which was purely legal, hinged entirely upon this point, whether a pardon from the King had the effect of rendering the perſon who obtained it a habile witneſs. By the Laws of both England and Scotland, a man convicted of a crime is not admiſſible as a witneſs in any cauſe, civil or criminal, unleſs the puniſhment is remitted by his Majeſty. But ſome of the beſt lawyers of both countries have doubted whether it reſtored the perſon to that rank in ſociety he held before the commiſſion of the crime, unleſs the pardon itſelf bore it. In England, however, it has for a conſiderable time paſt been the practice to admit thoſe who have obtained pardons for crimes, as witneſſes, leaving it to the Jury to attach what degree of credit they think proper to their evidence; but the queſtion has not been before determined in this country. Much learning and legal knowledge were diſplayed by the Counſel on both ſides. Their Lordſhips, all of whom were preſent, after delivering their opinions at great length, unanimouſly repelled the objections as to the witneſs's admiſſibility; ſo that the law in England and Scotland, with regard to pardons, is now the ſame.

The Court having been taken up great part of this day with the above buſineſs, adjourned till next day, (Tueſday,) at ten o'clock, when they again met.

No objection was made to the relevancy of the libel: The priſoners reſted their defence on a denial of the charges brought againſt them, of which they ſaid they had convincing evidence.

The Court pronounced the uſual interlocutor, finding the libel relevant, but allowing a proof of all facts and circumſtances that might tend to exculpate them, or alleviate their guilt.

The examination of witneſſes, &c. continued till about nine o'clock Wedneſday morning.

The Counſel for the proſecution admitted that the proof with regard to Mortimer was of ſuch a nature as to preclude them from urging a verdict againſt him.

The Hon. Henry Erſkine ſummed up the evidence for the proſecutors; and Mr John Clerk for Samuel Bell.—Mr Gillies ſaid, he did not find it neceſſary to ſay a ſingle word upon the evidence that had been adduced againſt his client, Mortimer, after what had been ſtated by the Counſel for the proſecution.

The Lord Juſtice Clerk then addreſſed the Jury and deſired them to return their verdict next day (Thurſday) at ten o'clock.

24. (Thurſday) the Jury returned a verdict, all in one voice finding the libel againſt William Mortimer Not proven; and all in one voice finding the pannel, Samuel Bell guilty of fraudulently and feloniouſly vending, iſſuing, and uſing the note No. $\frac{94}{153}$, of the company of Carrick, Brown, and Co. Glaſgow, knowing the ſame to be forged.

Mortimer, after a ſerious admonition from Lord Juſtice Clerk, was diſmiſſed from the bar.

Mr Clerk, ſenior Counſel for Bell, objected to the verdict, that the note ſpecified in it was not iſſued by him, but by Young.

The Court unanimouſly repelled the objection, and ſentenced Bell to be executed at the uſual place on Wedneſday the 3d of September next. After ſentence, Mr Bell ſaid he was an innocent man, falſe witneſſes had been brought againſt him---and when they were carrying him away, he ſaid, My Lord, you ſhould try Maſon.

George Elliot convicted on the 18th, was next brought to the bar, and the verdict of the Jury againſt him being read, Mr Clerk and Mr Scott, his counſel, ſtated ſeveral objections to the verdict in bar of judgment. It was too general;---three of the notes charged were iſſued in England, in which country the Court has no juriſdiction; the libel bears, that the notes referred to ſhall be lodged

with the clerk of the Court, that the priſoner may have an opportunity of ſeeing the ſame; which was not the caſe with regard to thoſe vended in England; and that the verdict without ſtretching the matter, might apply to theſe, as well as to the notes iſſued in Scotland.

The Counſel for the proſecution defended the verdict, and the debate was continued until four o'clock. The Court ordered informations, and adjourned the diet till the 17th of November next. Elliot was carried back to priſon.

Counſel for the proſecution, the Lord Advocate, Solicitor General, the Hon. Henry Erſkine, David Williamſon, and John Burnet, Eſqrs.—Agents, Robert Strachan, and Edward Bruce, writers to the ſignet.

For Samuel Bell—John Clerk and G. J. Bell, Eſqrs. Alexander Jardine, agent.

For William Mortimer--Adam Gillies, William Rae, and J. P. Grant, Eſqrs. Agent, Mr John Somerville.

*Edinburgh Races.*

*July* 21. The City of Edinburgh's Purſe of 50l. was won by

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Erſkine's Roſemary, | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hope's Brown Jug, | 5 | 2 |
| Mr Fletcher's Sheriff of Wigton, | 3 | dr. |
| Mr Cathcart's Water Gruel, | 4 | dr. |
| Mr Crichton's Devil among the Tailors, | 2 | dr. |

22. His Majeſty's Purſe of One Hundred Guineas was won by

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Fletcher's Logie o' Buchan, | 1 | 1 |
| Duke of Hamilton's bay horſe, | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Boſwell's Penſioner, | 3 | 3 |
| Col. Baird's bay colt, | 4 | 4 |
| Mr Bates's bay filly, | diſt. | |

23. The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Purſe of Fifty Guineas, was won by

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Graham's bay horſe Duncan, | 1 | 1 |
| Lord Caſſillis's black horſe, | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Gardiner's bay mare, | diſt. | |

There was afterwards a hack race.

24. The Hunter's Purſe of 50 guineas won by

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Colonel Maxwell's Rutland, | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Chrichton's Devil among the Tailors, | 2 | dr. |

After this there was a match rode by Colonel Maxwell, on a horſe called Brown Jug, and Mr Cathcart, on the Devil among the Tailors. The firſt heat they came in ſo near, that it was counted a dead heat. The ſecond was won by Mr Cathcart by half a neck.

25. The Ladies' Purſe of Fifty Guineas was won by

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| The Duke of Hamilton's bay horſe, | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr Graham's bay horſe, Duncan, | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Lord Caſſillis's black horſe, | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Brownlee's grey horſe, Counſellor, | diſt. | | |

Another match was run between Brown Jug and the Devil among the Tailors, rode by Col. Maxwell and Mr Cathcart, which was again won by the latter.

A match was alſo run between Capt. Duncan and Capt. Boyne, who rode their own horſes. Capt. Duncan won the match.

26. The Steward's Purſe of Fifty Guineas was won by

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Whirlie, rode by Mr Cathcart, | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Rutland, rode by Sir James Baird, | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Roſemary, rode by Col. Baird, | 2 | 2 | dr. |

A match was alſo run between Mr Brownlee's Councillor and the Devil among the Tailors, which was won by the former.

The races this year have afforded excellent ſport, and were better attended than for ſome time paſt.

## BIRTHS.

1800. *June* 30. At Lochbuy, Mrs Col. M'Lain, of Lochbuy, a daughter.

*July* 3. Mrs Roy, of Ninthorn, a daughter.

9. At King's Cramond, the Hon. Mrs Ramſay, a daughter.

At Canons, the Lady of Lieut. Col. D. Robertſon, a daughter.

At Bath, the Lady of Captain Carruthers, a ſon.

21. At St Andrews, Mrs Croſs, junior, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

1800. *June* 23. Henry Burt, Eſq. of Burns, to Miſs Martine.

24. Joſias Henry Stracey, banker in London, to Miſs Diana Scott, eldeſt daughter of David Scott, Eſq. M. P.

25. The Duke of Somerſet, to Lady Charlotte Hamilton,

Geo. Gordon, Eſq, of Briſtol, to Miſs Frances Maria Tahourdin, ſecond daughter of Henry Tahourdin, Eſq, of Sydenham.

27. At Fiſhwick, Thomas Logan, Eſq, to Miſs Logan of Edrom.

—. At Paiſley, Mr Robert M'Dermait, Pergus-hill, manufacturer in Glaſgow, to Miſs Mary Buchanan, daughter of the deceaſed Mr Archibald Buchanan.